

THE LONDON MERCURY

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EDITORIAL NOTES

AS we go to press we hear of the death of Mr. W. H. Hudson. For a summarised account and criticism of his work we may refer readers to our number of November, 1920, in which we published an article by Mr. H. J. Massingham. Hudson was one of the most reserved of modern authors. His acquaintance was not wide ; he abstained from public controversy, save only in connection with the preservation of wild birds ; the reference books never gave the date of his birth, and one of them contains the characteristic entry " address withheld by request " ; no writer ever owed less of his fame to self-advertisement even of the most innocent kind. Possibly had he been a little less reserved recognition might have come earlier to him. For thirty-seven years he produced books, amounting in all to about two dozen, and it was full twenty years before a small group of personal friends and admirers succeeded in persuading a public of any size to take notice of the appearance of one who was at once a good naturalist and a first-rate prose writer. For himself he spent part of the year in the country, part in London lodgings, made his observations, carefully wrote his books, and barely earned a living. Towards the end of his life he was given a Civil List pension ; still nearer the end he was able to relinquish that pension on the ground that his books were at last maintaining him. People in England had begun to read his earlier works, and with *Far Away and Long Ago* he had reached a considerable public in America.



IN that book will be found as much of his autobiography as Hudson cared to make public. He was born about seventy years ago on a South American estancia, and brought up among pioneers and Indians in a part of the world where humanity was still wild and where Nature had not yet been entirely subdued to the plough. His earliest and intensest memories were memories of a beautiful wild life, and of a wild life

threatened by the invasions of civilisation. He came to England with his character, his interests, his attitude fixed ; there never was much modification. He was passionately interested in the wild life of the world, particularly in its birds. His interest gave rise to a regret for what had gone or was going, and a brooding fear as to the prospects of what was left. He was repelled by the urban and the tame. He hankered always after man in a "forest state." His observation and love of wild life in the South of England, which became his home, were made all the more intense by his acute consciousness of the doom which, if things proceeded along nineteenth century lines, might be in store for wood and marsh, weasel and sparrowhawk, rook and seal. Even those of his writings which express the greatest enjoyments seem always to be slightly tinged with melancholy.



HE had a remarkable power of visualising things once seen, which made all his memories entrancing. He was a close observer of Nature, and a humane one, with a love of the characters of birds and beasts as well as an interest in their colours, shapes, flights, migrations, and building propensities. He wrote in *The Purple Land*, and other books, a unique record of South America in a particularly interesting stage of its development, and, in *A Shepherd's Life*, a book about southern England of which Richard Jeffries might have been proud. But the thing which drew to him many who were not especially drawn by his themes was the quality of his prose. A modest, unpretentious man with keen interests and an ever living gift of sympathy wielded—though that is too powerful a word—a style in which all his characteristics of mind and soul were mirrored. He was never rhapsodical, magnificent, or, in the lordly sense, eloquent. He did not "lay himself out" on his best pictures or his profoundest reflections. He did not seem to worry about *le mot juste* or the last perfection of cadence. But he knew what he wanted to say, and said it with unostentatious economy and accuracy, vividly because he saw vividly, and with a grave and quiet music which flowed to the music of his thought. A great writer he was not ; but he was always a good writer, untinged by fashion and unsoiled by fake, thinking only of the work in hand which was a work he loved. We may be pardoned if we add—merely because we know that some readers will be interested to learn it—that he was among the first of the original subscribers to this review, and always gave us his warmest sympathy and encouragement.



WE were interested to see the appeal made in the *Times* by the Ruskin Master of Drawing at Oxford for the recognition of "art education" as "a form of education at the Universities." Mr. Carline

says that he cannot see why it should not "form a subject of study for and means of obtaining degrees in a similar way to the sister arts of literature and music." To this the *Times* replies that the Universities

would remain conscious, as all men must, that an Honours School of Painting, Sculpture, and Design would be subject to special limitations. It would be concerned with an art, knowing well that it could teach no man to be an artist. A degree has never been an important landmark in the career of a creator, and if the Universities should for this reason feel the new faculty to be somehow incongruous its existence might not benefit the cause of artistic education so directly as Mr. Carline anticipates.

We see both points of view, and we sympathise with both. Perhaps Mr. Carline might have expressed himself better, but there is certainly something behind his complaint.



WHEN we talk about a School of Fine Arts at the Universities we should remember that two sorts of men are available as students. There are the majority, whose object is to train their minds, to cultivate themselves generally, to acquire a useful or amusing knowledge of a special subject; and there are the actual or potential artists. These two categories, however, are not unknown elsewhere. Both at Oxford and at Cambridge—not to mention most of the other Universities in the English speaking world—there are now flourishing schools of English, which, in these days, are even more concerned with literature than with philology. Nobody supposes that the lectures make people poets or novelists, or that the degrees are the stigmata of literary artists. The courses, however, can be and are defended on various grounds as respects both the potential artists and those who are not expected to write. There is the "intellectual discipline" argument which is applied to every course of study which exists. So far as the generality are concerned, it is argued that a course of study increases their power of appreciation and enjoyment and the likelihood that they will, so far as their taste is educated, modify the standards of the community and stand for clear thinking and accurate expression wherever they may find themselves. Yet it is not supposed that the Literature Schools are useless to those few who have both the passion and the talent for original writing. The mere historical knowledge they have at least, speaking from experience, generally shown a desire to acquire. A good teacher may assist them in their early stages, as a good critic of any kind may do. And, above all perhaps, in a University they will find criticism, sympathy and companionship, an atmosphere of debate, a variety of active life, which cannot fail to sharpen their wits and extend their sympathies. If all this hold good of a Literature Course, it cannot but hold good of a Course in Fine Arts.

THE chances are, in fact, that a University could do more for a plastic artist than for a man of letters ; there is more of technique which can be positively taught, for the rudiments of writing—vocabulary, orthography and calligraphy—are absorbed by us all at an early age. When you come to architecture you come to an art in which mechanics are even more important than elsewhere, an art which simply cannot be practised by the greatest natural genius who has not gone through a technical training. That art is already recognised at the Universities ; late in the day a degree can be got for it at Cambridge. Does anybody suggest that if it had been recognised long since and its study made a popular one amongst undergraduates we should not have had a more active and enlightened public criticism of architecture than we have ? It is still unsafe to perpetrate a false quantity in this country ; but you can put up the vilest College building and nobody will say a word.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

THE names of those to whom civil list pensions were granted during the year ending on March 31st, 1922, have recently been published. Among the recipients are Mr. W. J. Lawrence, well known as a writer on the history of the drama (£100); Lady Irving, widow of Sir Henry Irving (£100); Mrs. Claude Shepperson, widow of the *Punch* artist (£125); and the Reverend Evan Rees, Archdruid of Wales (£50, in addition to a previous £50).

WE have to record the death of the Reverend Matthew Albert Bayfield, at the age of 70. He was well known as an editor of classical texts, sometimes in collaboration with Dr. Walter Leaf or his close friend, the late Dr. Verrall, of whom he published a *Memoir* in 1913. He held several scholastic appointments, including, finally, the headmastership of Eastbourne College from 1895 to 1900. He afterwards became Rector of Hertingfordbury. During the last years of his life he devoted much of his time to the study of English Prosody, and among his publications on this subject were *The Measures of the Poets: a new system of English Prosody* (1919) and *Shakespeare's Versification* (1920), books which have been a good deal discussed.

MRS. WARRE CORNISH died on August 9th in her seventy-fifth year. She was the widow of Francis Warre Cornish, late Vice-Provost of Eton and author of *Jane Austen* in the English Men of Letters Series. Her brother, Sir Richmond Ritchie, married Thackeray's gifted daughter; and from her youth up Mrs. Cornish was acquainted with the best artists of her time. Last winter she published in our own columns her very interesting reminiscences of Tennyson, and in early womanhood she wrote two novels which are still readable. But she never attempted to make a career of authorship, and it was only in her large private circle that the full extent of her gifts and the force of her character were known. Wit and deep feeling were united in her; her interest in literature never flagged, and her judgment was independent and good until the end; and the vigour and directness of her conversation made a deep impression on all who met her. Her talents were inherited by her children, of whom, Gerald, killed in the war, died just as a rare gift for writing was reaching its maturity.

THE death of Mrs. Henry Kingsley, widow of Henry Kingsley, occurred at Folkestone on August 12th. Henry Kingsley was the younger brother of Charles Kingsley, and, though less generally remembered to-day than his brother, he was the author of several novels, at least two of which, *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *Ravenshoe*, were as good as anything that Charles Kingsley wrote. Henry Kingsley was at one time editor of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*. He died in 1876. Another link with Victorian literature has also been broken during the past month by the death, on August 5th, of Miss Hester Pater, sister of Walter Pater.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & SONS announce that the price of *Everyman's Library* is now reduced to 2s. a volume, except in the case of books in the Reference section, which are, for the present, to remain at 2s. 6d. each.

LAST month we stated that the price of the *World's Classics* was now 2s. 6d. a volume. This was an error; we should have said 2s.

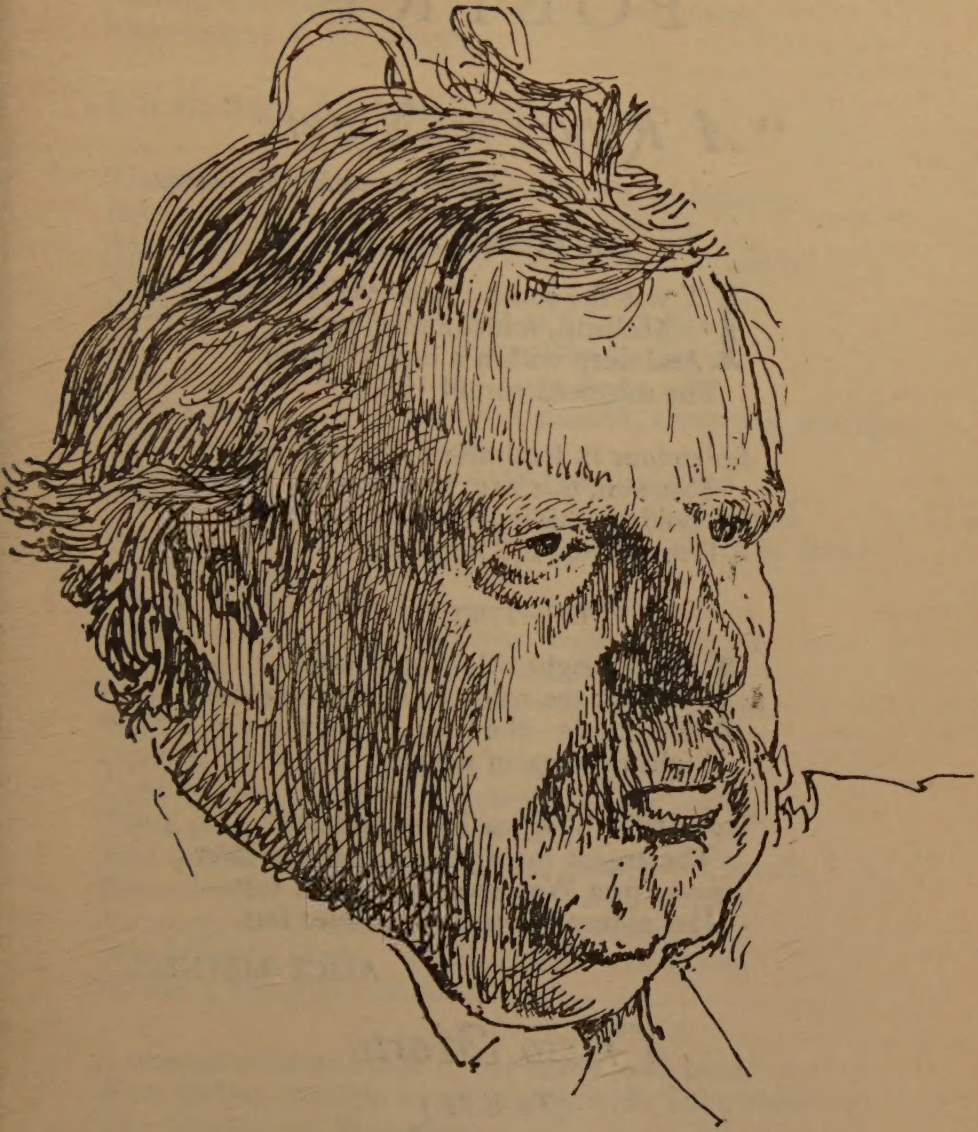
NEW AND RECENT PERIODICALS

A NEW Italian review devoted to art and literature deserves the attention of English readers interested in those subjects. *L'Esame*, which is published monthly in Milan, Via Borgonuovo 8, under the editorship of Enrico Somaré and A. C. Rossi, sets out with the programme of studying, not only important manifestations of European art and literature, but the general movement of art and letters in Europe, with the special aim of rendering Italian art more easily intelligible and showing its relation to movements of thought and historical developments. In the region of the figurative arts, as the first two numbers show, the special object of the review is to remind Italians of all the greatness that has gone before. Besides articles on contemporary art, there are translations, with excellent illustrations, of articles by Baudelaire on the Barbizon school and by Fromentin on Ruysdael. In literature, as well as in plastic art, the editors wish to assist the movement of our age towards spiritual unity and strengthen it against "l'ironico disfacimento di decadentismo." We welcome this new venture all the more readily in that it has, from the beginning, sought English contributors to its pages. The first number contains, in translation, Mr. Howard Hannay's article on Berenson's Theory of Art which appeared in *THE LONDON MERCURY*, and the second number an article by Mr. Orlo Williams on modern critical tendencies in England. This is a good sign of the increasing sympathy between the British and Italian nations.

GALMAHRA, the magazine of the University of Queensland, reaches us from Brisbane. The Editorial is lively: witness a reference to "that University Briareus—the Council—with his six hundred members, five hundred of which are in the final stages of intellectual paralysis." Our Australian correspondent, Mr. Hector Dinning, begins a series on "Glimpses of the Granite Belt"; there is some good light prose and verse; and the miscellaneous articles include one on Cowper's poetry and one on Johann Soldner, who in 1801 estimated precisely as Einstein did the deviation of a light ray, coming from a fixed star, and passing near the sun.

THE June issue of *The Wave : A Journal of Art and Letters* (published bi-monthly, price 25 cents a copy or \$1.50 per annum, from 2103 N. Halstead Street, Chicago) is readable and entertaining. It prints a ballade by Mr. Kipling, which was found written in a photograph album recently sold by auction in America. There is an account of a visit to Mr. Arthur Machen, written by Mr. P. J. Smith and a story, *Irony*, by Gene Markey, which contains a character who "believed in making the world safe for hypocrisy." The poems and illustrations are of varying merit; the best of the latter is a woodcut by an anonymous student of the Chicago Art Institute.

THE number of periodicals published in New Orleans, and fully aware of what is going on not only in American, but also in European, literature cannot be large. But there is at least one such, *The Double-Dealer*, described as "a national magazine from the South." The editor's point of view is something of relief in these days, for he writes, in a recent number: "Candidly, I'm no sex-hound. Pornographia, curiosa, erotica, as such make no distinct appeal to me." The address of *The Double-Dealer* is 204 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La., and the price two-and-a-half dollars a year, or twenty-five cents a month.



MODERN PORTRAITS—XI:

:: G. K. CHESTERTON ::

Drawn by POWYS EVANS

POETRY

“*A Return to Nature*”*Many histories of poetry.*

I.—PROMETHEUS.

IT was the south : mid-everything,
 Midland, midsummer, noon.
 And deep within a limpid spring
 The mirrored sun of June.

Splendour in freshness ! Ah, who stole
 This sun, this fire, from heaven ?
 He holds it shining in his soul,
 Prometheus, the forgiven.

II.—THETIS.

IN her bright title poets dare
 What the wild eye of fancy sees—
 Similitude—the clear, the fair
 Light mystery of images.

Round the blue sea I love the best
 The argent foam played, slender, fleet ;
 I saw—past Wordsworth and the rest—
 Her natural, Greek, and silver feet.

ALICE MEYNELL

Cristo Morto

(To E.M.)

FORTH from the narrow alleys, under the saracen vaultings
 That bound the dusty piazza, gathers and clusters
 An idle concourse, black-coated, moving and halting,
 White faces agonized under the hanging lustres
 Of street lamps. Overhead,
 The air vibrates with bells that swing for the dead :
 Not mournfully, but with a savage clangour
 Of horror and of anger,

Shattering cross-echoes thrown
 From blatant cornet and sombre-mouthed trombone
 Beating the measure of a mocking, ponderous,
 Slow-footed *Valse Macabre*.

It is the festival of Cristo Morto . . .

They come, the shuffling files of children bearing
 Bent candles that flare yellow in the still air
 And spatter the stones with tears of molten tallow.
 Then, shy and sallow,
 With black mantilla and blue ribbon, follow
 The vestal Daughters of Mary, idly staring :
 Lockt hands, slow feet, and faces stony cold.
 They come . . . the symbols of passion, thorn and scourge ;
 The tinselled banners surge
 Onward, as driven forth by the mocking band
 Beneath the clangour of bells : and now men stand
 Bareheaded, and women hunch their shoulders in dread
 For the coming of Christ Dead,
 Whose bloody shroud bears on before the loud
 Blaring of brass, whose advent sways the crowd,
 As a dark cornfield, swept by winds of night,
 Quails and recovers. The pompous dance is still,
 While, strained and shrill
 Over the shuffle of feet, like a blown candle-flame,
 Quavers the dirge of high-pitched voices wailing
 Their patter of unintelligible Latin ;
 And stooping men, haggard, and pressed for breath,
 Beneath their staggering burden, carry on high
 An image of Christ, who died, with lolling head
 And bleeding flanks : his lank limbs overspread
 By the green pallor of death.

A woman cries and falls to her knees ; old men,
 With listless, humble hands, are bowed. They come . . .
 The Masters of Mysteries :
 Dark priests, black-robed, proud-eyed,
 With cheeks unshaven, gross lips numbed by words,
 In an aura of dusty vestment and stale incense,
 Preening and peering above the prostrate throng
 Like shabby vultures that sniff the odour of death
 Blown from the image of the broken God
 Whose suffering is the measure of their strength,
 Whose sorrow is the symbol of their pride.

Onward the slow procession trails its length
 Of tossing lights and tasselled banners : on
 Coils, like a shining snake, black-skinned, obscene,
 Beneath the cavernous arches . . . and is gone,
 Where now the muffled drum
 Throbs like a heart in pain,
 As the mocking *Valse Macabre* begins again.

And my soul was shaken, as though, in a dark dream,
 Its eyes had plumbed the very pit of death :
 Death, black beyond redemption or recall :
 Death absolute, triumphant, beyond hope,
 Savage, unhallowed, terrible, and old . . .
 So old . . .
 Older than Attis, older than that Adonis
 Whose flowery death dyes the pale meadows of Lebanon
 With vernal crimson, older than Osiris :
 Old as the primal passion of despair
 That burned into the dark brain of the first
 Man, when he gazed upon mortality !

Thus, when the flowered graft
 Of a rose-tree dies, from the stock of briar, deep-rooted,
 Do thorny shoots arise
 That draw their sap from the cruel
 Heart of the earth ; and the bough,
 Sweet-perfumed and gracious, now
 Hangs rotten and forgotten . . .

Shaken, I moved apart
 And shuddered through the throng with bursting heart,
 Until, alone, alone,
 I faced the silence of the middle sea,
 Thinking of that calm spirit of Galilee
 Whose ways were bitter and whose words were sweet
 As the cool fragrance of hidden flowers in Spring
 Or wells of mountain-water ; and, as I stood,
 I was abased before the humility
 Of Him whose life made death a little thing.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

Seascape

OVER that morn hung heaviness, until,
 Near sunless noon, we heard the ship's bell beating
 A melancholy staccato on dead metal ;
 Saw the bare-footed watch come running aft ;
 Felt, far below, the sudden telegraph jangle
 Its harsh metallic challenge, thrice repeated :
Stand by. Half-speed ahead. Slow. Stop her! They stopped.
 The plunging pistons sank like a stop't heart :
 She held, she swayed, a hulk, a hollow carcass
 Of blistered iron that the grey-green, waveless,
 Unruffled tropic waters slapped languidly.
 And, in that pause, a sinister whisper ran :
 Burial at sea ! A Portuguese official . . .
 Poor fever-broken devil from Mocambique :
 Came on half tight : the doctor calls it heat-stroke.
 Why do they travel steerage ? It's the exchange :
 So many million reis to the pound !
 What did he look like ? No one ever saw him :
 Took to his bunk, and drank and drank and died.
 They're ready ! Silence !

We clustered to the rail,
 Curious and half ashamed. The well-deck spread
 A comfortable gulf of segregation
 Between ourselves and death. *Burial at sea . . .*
 The master holds a black book at arm's length ;
 His droning voice comes for'ard : *This our brother . . .*
We therefore commit his body to the deep
To be turned into corruption . . .

The bo's'n whispers
 Hoarsely behind his hand : *Now, all together !*
 The hatch-cover is tilted ; a mummy of sail-cloth
 Well ballasted with iron shoots clear of the poop ;
 Falls, like a diving gannet. The green sea closes
 Its burnished skin ; the snaky swell smoothes over . . .
 While he, the man of the steerage, goes down, down,
 Feet-foremost, sliding swiftly down the dim water :
 Swift to escape
 Those plunging shapes with pale, empurpled bellies
 That swirl and veer about him. He goes down
 Unerringly, as though he knew the way
 Through green, through gloom, to absolute watery darkness,

Where no weed sways nor curious fin quivers :
 To the sad, sunless deeps where, endlessly,
 A downward drift of death spreads its wan mantle
 In the wave-moulded valleys that shall enfold him
 Till the sea give up its dead.

There shall he lie dispersed amid great riches :
 Such gold, such arrogance, so many bold hearts !
 All the sunken armadas pressed to powder
 By weight of incredible seas ! That mingled wrack
 No livening sun shall visit till the crust
 Of earth be riven, or this rolling planet
 Reel on its axis ; till the moon-chained tides,
 Unloosed, deliver up that white Atlantis,
 Whose naked peaks shall bleach above the slaked
 Thirst of Sahara, fringed by weedy tangles
 Of Atlas's drown'd cedars, frowning Eastward
 To where the sands of India lie cold,
 And heap'd Himalaya's a rib of coral
 Slowly uplifted, grain on grain . . .

We dream

Too long ! Another jangle of alarum
 Stabs at the engines : *Slow. Half-speed. Full-speed !*
 The great bearings rumble ; the screw churns, frothing
 Opaque water to downward-swelling plumes
 Milky as woodsmoke. A shoal of flying-fish
 Spurts out like animate spray. The warm breeze wakens,
 And we pass on, forgetting,
 Toward the solemn horizon of bronzed cumulus
 That bounds our brooding sea, gathering gloom
 That, when night falls, will dissipate in flaws
 Of watery lightning, washing the hot sky,
 Cleansing all hearts of heat and restlessness,
 Until, with day, another blue be born.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

Issé Ké Wasté

A MOSLEM beggar sat by the wayside
 Under a poplar in Cashmir, and begged
 Of me, that weave this verse ; and as I went
 Heedless, he added " Issé ké wasté "
 Softly, " for Jesus' sake " ; whereupon I
 In more ways than the beggar aim'd, perhaps,
 Grew proud and glad ; as, that I understood
 The words, for I was young in exile ; then,
 Because they pluck'd a chord that hymned of home.
 I know not how much for His sake indeed
 Whom Magdalena lov'd, and Judas kiss'd,
 Judas betray'd, and Paul interpreted,
 But Mahomet remember'd—I gave alms,
 The Infidel to the Turk, in the Jew's name.

OSWALD COULDREY

The Newspaper

AS I passed by the sill of the green stair
 Of a secluded, lush-leav'd Kandyan dell,
 I met a little maid Eurasian
 Walking at even barefoot, bare-headed
 Between the delicate areca-palms
 And reading a Colombo newspaper.

But she, seeing a man from Europe near,
 Was teas'd with shame, and shook the newspaper
 Forth like an apron or an angel's wing,
 So as to veil those golden feet of hers.

' Nay, child,' said I, ' resume your newspaper ;
 For you, that are alone in Paradise,
 May envy the poor vanities of the town ;
 But I, being full of the knowledge of good and evil,
 Read more delight, believe me well, and more
 Enchantment in your two little naked feet
 Than in all the newspapers of the five worlds.'

OSWALD COULDREY

The Screever

THERE is the screever. Since a north wind blowing
Has left the kerbstone dry to suit his chalks,
He's chosen a pitch where many take their walks,
Knelt to his task and made this mighty showing.

Christ in Gethsemane (with trees and grass)—
Lloyd George—A sunset (Turneresquely daring)—
A shipwreck—Tanks in Cork—A kiltie sparing
A wounded Hun. With hardly a look they pass.

Will no one taste of that which savours sweeter
Than voice of noonday larks to hear, or smell
Drawn after April rain from primrose banks,
Or honeycombs upon the tongue of the eater ?
See, there's his cap—your copper, aim it well,
And buy a pennyworth of poor-man's thanks.

J. S. PHILLIMORE

Dexteræ Aves

LET us have lucky little birds about the house !
Come first the robin, by familiar title free
Of the very threshold. Come the garden-warblers, wee
Shy nimble slips of melody—peck away, delouse

The rose from creeping vermin, make her clean and crouse
In petal as you in feather. Next a vantage-tree
To post the grey flycatcher, all alert to see
And, seeing, launch his little foray. A leap, a souse,

A flicker . . . and consummated in a click of beak
Goes some poor silly sun-begotten life that cruised,
Flaunting a bright and fragile sail. But, most of all,
Welcome the swallows. From the fabled South they seek
Our eaves to nest in ; soon, their house of clay disused,
They'll bask on tombs in Timgad or Zenobia's wall.

J. S. PHILLIMORE

The Water Song of Dinas Vawr

THE mountain stream is colder
 And the valley stream is warmer ;
 We therefore felt the bolder
 For bathing in the former :
 The course of it we followed
 To the mountain-cave that chilled it ;
 We found a pool and wallowed,
 And the two of us just filled it.
 We sweated down from Snowdon
 To the pools of Aberglaslyn—
 Their emollience they bestowed on
 Feet that else had needed vaseline ;
 There's a tarn that made us gladder,
 Though the chill of it was deathly,
 By the Fox's Path on Cader
 When descending to Dolgelley :
 When dusk was dim and dewy,
 With handkerchief for towel,
 We plunged into Vyrnwy,
 Where the accent's on the vowel :
 We proved each other right on
 All the Principles of Bathing,
 Condemned the Front at Brighton
 With vituperation scathing,
 Despised the woman-bather—
Pedetemptim with a shudder—
 With a costume to enswathe her
 And a coiffure to consider.
 A swim may be ideal
 For leisurely abstersion :
 To connoisseurs the be-all
 And the end-all is Immersion :
 So tearing off our breeches
 And dropping shirts in huddles,
 We dabbled in the ditches,
 And grovelled in the puddles.
 Nor Solomon in his glory
 May envy us our raiment,
 When waters chill provide our thrill
 And the afterglow our payment.

F. S.

Birds

EAGLE, you browless bird, who skim
The sky on poised and feathered limb ;
You whom no skies' top terrifies
Taught me the terror of the skies.

Cold cormorant, your spray-wet sheen,
Your cold bead eyes of glassy green,
Your bubbling death-dive, swift and steep,
Taught me the terror of the deep.

Red-eyed, red-clawed, you vultures keen
Who find no carrion flesh unclean ;
Who gather and cry at life's last breath ;
Taught me the sanctity of death.

You whistling swans, your flapping flight,
A huge-formed arrow-head of white
Over and down the horizon dip
Taught me the law of leadership.

You downy-eider, from your breast
Plucking the down to build your nest,
Taught me, as no commandment could,
The sacrifice of motherhood.

And you, live-crested cockatoos,
Grave toucans, hornbills and hoopoes,
Huge-billed, fixed-faced, *preposterous* birds,
Taught me God's wit surpassing words.

GEOFFREY DEARMER

A Poem by Crabbe *

(To Miss E. V. in her 10th year.)

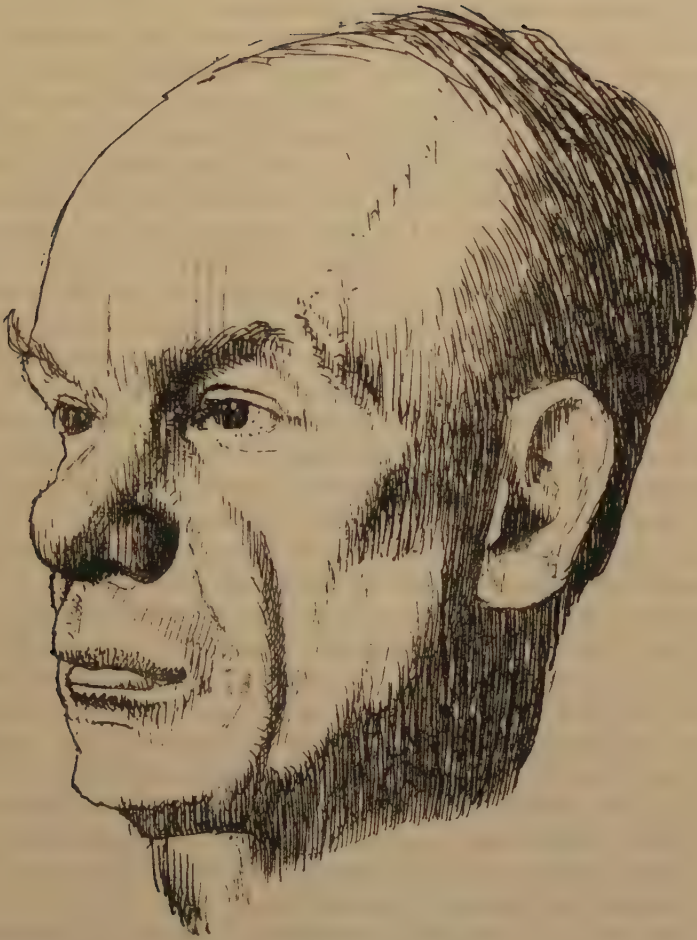
YOU ask, my dear, a verse or two,
 But those I have will never do ;
 And here such things are hard to make
 But I'll endeavour for your sake ;
 If you will kindly condescend
 To take such trifles from a friend.
 Let us suppose that twenty years
 Are gone with all their smile and tears,
 And you are pleased your thoughts to cast
 Upon the cares and pleasures past ;
 Until they reach their quiet seat
 Of ease and comfort where we meet.
 Then to some friends I know not who
 (But one, I hope, who pleases you)
 Will you our small adventure state,
 And walks and visits all relate ;
 This done you may proceed and tell :
 " There was a man who loved me well,
 Who made me rhymes and said that I,
 Who must be woman by and by,
 Should that accomplished creature be,
 That none without delight could see,
 But then accomplished should imply
 Much more than serv'd to please the eye ;
 He told me, whether maid or wife,
 There is a war that lasts for life,
 At least contention will not cease
 Till our self-conquest brings us peace,
 But when I could my spirit rule,
 My temper curb, my passion cool,
 My talents and my time improve,
 And love where reason bids me love,
 Then might I, whether wife or maid,
 Consider all my labour paid,

* We are indebted to Mr. Roger Ingpen for kindly giving us permission to print this poem from the original manuscript in his possession. The poem was written by Crabbe on the fly-leaves of an early edition of his poems : apparently Miss V.'s copy.

And might life's better pleasures share,
Without their stern attendant care,
As roses may our bosoms grace,
If we will first the thorns displace."
So said the man, and then he gave
These lines that are, I think, too grave,
And this advice that is too free.
How do I keep it—Let me see?

GEO. CRABBE

Sidmouth, Summer of 1817



MODERN PORTRAITS—XII :

:: H. M. TOMLINSON ::

Drawn by POWYS EVANS

A SPRIG OF LEMON VERBENA

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

THEY were sitting back of the partition in Albert Genamon's drug-store, among the orderly rows of white and coloured and glass-stoppered bottles, the water-taps and zinc sheeting and pungent cleansing smells : Genamon, whose smooth long face had taken permanently the expression of whimsical humour for which he was publicly noted ; Markley Watts, the small silent station agent ; Andrew and Samson Rendell, both thin and grave and dark, characteristic of their blood, Andrew newly elevated to the Bench and Samson a dealer in coal and grains ; and Chester Lukens, younger than the others, returned only that week from an epochal voyage to England.

Chester had been talking excitedly and at length, but now he had fallen into a thoughtful silence, his face bearing a palpable discontent ; and the others, smoking Albert Genamon's next-to-best cigars, said nothing. The back door was open on a contracted enclosure bare of grass, a straggling hedge, and the brick ends of buildings turned toward the parallel street ; it was dusk and summer, and the drifting air brought in, against a carbolic odour, the scent of lilacs, the fragrance of flowers and the soothing echoes and calls of the town. Suddenly Markley Watts spoke :

"And this game, golf," he said, "that you played over there, Chester ; you like it and think we ought to take it up in Eastlake."

"Certainly we ought," Chester Lukens replied vigorously. "That is, if we don't want to be considered dead here. But I don't really know if we're not. I did more than play—I brought home a set of clubs and the balls ; and, too, I asked a lot of questions. I pretty well understand it. A lot of ground will be necessary, like a big cleared meadow, and yet not all cleared, either ; but we could lease that outside of town. To-morrow'll be Sunday, and we can walk out and I'll show you. Why, Samson, there's just nothing to do here except baseball late in the afternoon and croquet"—his voice acquired an accent of contempt. "Dead," he repeated to no one in particular, taking a cigarette from a leather case.

"I wish you wouldn't smoke those things," Albert protested ; "they're not right manly. Somehow they remind me of Lord Chumley." Lukens rose :

"Of course," he proclaimed in a superior manner, "if you won't move along with life—I will stop here with the golf clubs early in the afternoon." When he had gone there was a general sigh. Albert Genamon continued, "Chester seems a little dissatisfied with us and Eastlake. He's become a regular Anglomaniac. And did you see the collar, he's worse—a dude."

"What about playing a game on Sunday ?" Watts asked. "That'll make a big row ; I'm not sure, but I think it's illegal."

"Don't let that bother you, Markley," Andrew Rendell advised him. "From what Chester says nobody will guess it's a game ; hitting a little ball and then tramping after it doesn't qualify, to my mind. The tramping I'll do will be in waders after trout along the Beaverville."

"Don't be too set," his brother advised him. "After all, Chester has been away and seen a good deal. He's a smart young man." Genamon added, "Get him started and I'll roll the pills up right here." But Markley Watts still objected. "It is his spirit I'm against—the Lord knows what he will bring into Eastlake with his new-fangled ideas. For instance, what he said about organising a club ; I'd like to know what we need a club for when we've been meeting here and talking every evening, pretty nearly, for ten years. This drug-store is all the club any reasonable man would need." He grew so excited, so resentful that he stood up, gesticulating with his cigar.

"Why, Markley !" they all cried, "your own wife wouldn't recognise you." Albert Genamon pretended to get him a bromide powder. "Don't worry," Samson reassured him, "nothing will ever take the place of Albert Genamon's in Eastlake. Let's get back to facts—are we going up on the Miramichi in July ?" They were, it was finally decided ; and Samson and Andrew Rendell, walking home together through the gathering dusk, discussed the tying of some flies for northern water. Andrew wore a high hat, carefully brushed, and from the tails of his black coat hung the brilliant silk of a bandana handkerchief ; his malacca cane with an ivory knob struck now on a sounding board-walk and was now silent crossing a dusty town street. Samson had on a grey felt hat with a narrow brim and a short braided jacket against wide pepper-and-salt trousers.

Above them maple trees met, forming a closed glimmering prospect, a cool green way, with, on either side, small houses of brick or boards, but all with porches and beds of flowers, of mignonette and pansies and sweetwilliams and nasturtiums and clove pinks. The houses, the lawns, even the cast-iron fences were all alike in size and colour and atmosphere, as though there had been a common agreement of harmony, of an equality without a personal ambition of show or superior material resources. Across the tranquil air came the slow pealing of a bell, and Samson halted. "There," he exclaimed, "I was listening so close to Chester that I forgot the fire company meeting. Tell Annice, will you, Andrew, and I'll go right back. It may be after nine when I get home."

Andrew Rendell stopped by the gate of a dwelling with a bay-window on the left and a small feminine group seated with spread white skirts on the steps of the portico. "Samson will be late," he repeated in a voice not raised but clear. "It is the fire meeting night." Annice replied that she was aware of that. "No need to ask where you have all been," she went on, in tones not entirely innocent of a mild philosophical objection—"back in that drug-store. I declare, what you see in him, a bachelor with a tongue in his head, I for one can't make out. And Markley Watts, he never opens his mouth ; that's as sure as a pint's a pound."

"You should have heard him to-night," Andrew informed her; "he was like a fourth of July orator." To Annice's invitation that he come in and rest his hat he answered that he had some legal papers to look over before court to-morrow. He never would sit with women, she called back; positively, he was as bad as Albert Genamon, who was polite enough to listen to, but had—it was well known—his own opinion of a lady. Another, a young fresh voice protested, against her mother's sharpness with Uncle Andrew, and a figure detached itself from the vagueness and walked gracefully to the fence. Andrew kissed her dutifully on a cool cheek:

"Rosalee, who do you think was talking to us this evening about a game called golf and spitch-cocks and the French valse?"

"I think he might have talked of it better to somebody else than a lot of men," she returned. "But, of course, he must do what he likes; I am sure and sure and sure——"

He stopped her with a thin hand against her lips. "I know—it's nothing to you. Certainly not. There is one thing he hasn't seen in England, and that is a lovelier girl——" Now her firm small palm stopped him. "You are making it more than it is," Rosalee instructed him. "I'm glad Chester had a wonderful time, and I understand that he hasn't been back long enough to get around and see everyone." Was it the tenderness of the dusk, Andrew Rendell wondered, that this evening made her appear actually beautiful? Her bright hair was subdued, soft, around the delicate oval of her face, and her eyes—the Rendell eyes—such a dark blue that now they seemed black, were filled with a spirit suddenly stirring to his heart. Youth, he told himself, continuing down the darkening street, at its richest and best. Virgin gold so pure that it could almost be moulded with the fingers, the right fingers; and ready for the flame that would convert it into a permanence of love and fidelity, the unselfishness of maternity.

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His study was bare except for the calf-bound legal books that, on light walnut shelves, covered two walls; the remaining end had a large window on Tulip Street, and the fourth wall, against which stood a black hair-cloth sofa, was hung with steel engravings of the Chief Justices of the United States, the enlargement of a photograph of his wife taken the day of their marriage, and there was a glass door opening on a small side lawn and the garden patch he tended. There was a long table in the middle of the room, with orderly piles of current political and general pamphlets, the folded local and a thicker city newspaper, his green baize bag, with its draw-tape and an open box of prime Manila stogies, inordinately black and shaped like a trumpet.

It had been his custom since his wife's death to work very late through the night; and so he was in no hurry to take up the dockets by his chair with leather back and seat and padded arms. Instead he chose a stogie, lighted it very thoroughly from a wax match, and settled back with an

introspective gaze on the spreading bluish smoke. Goddy, "since his youth, only thirty and some years ago, how times had changed ! For example, the lamplighter going his rounds on evenings such as this, when there was no moon ; the row of venerable old men who used to sit in the hickory chairs before the Mansion House and argue about the naval operations on Lake Champlain . . . their feet, he remembered, in boots, were cocked up on an iron rail ; when he played baseball it was necessary to hit the runner between bases, and how the hard rubber ball could hurt. Life was simpler, more straightforward then ; there weren't so many dances at Lenni Springs, so many strawberry festivals and excursions and summers away from home at Cape May. Now here was Chester Lukens, returned from three months abroad, complaining because Eastlake, where there was hardly a dull minute, was " dead."

Chester, he said aloud severely, was a fool ; not only for his restlessness, but principally because of his attitude toward Rosalee. Damn it, what did the boy—he was no more—want from life ? What more than his, Andrew Rendell's niece, could he get ? Nothing ! Chester, Andrew growled, had had a far sight of some great painted lady in her carriage, or a closer glance at such paint in the promenades of the music-halls. A vision of his own youngest manhood filled his mind :

He had been something of a dandy, not in the imitative manner held against Chester by Markley Watts, but extremely fastidious about his dress, his food, or rather his drink and his associations, mental and real. He had prided himself on reason, a reason which he now saw as an immature but characteristic scepticism and a special clarity in regard to what he designated as entanglements with women. Andrew Rendell had determined to stay unmarried, intellectually free. He had never from the first wavered in his complete dedication to the law ; and while he went occasionally to evening parties where there were women he contrived to remain outside the games, the swift warm whispering in corners ; he had stood, with a leaf or two of lemon verbena in his buttonhole, in doorways, immaculate and withdrawn and superior.

Why he had always preferred lemon verbena to a flower, a small tea rose or a camellia, was a mystery to him ; it was the smell, certainly, that captivated him, charmed his imagination. Even now, when he could, he kept it about him—in the lapel of his coat, green or crisply brown among his stores of body linen, along the border of his lawn. He had worn lemon verbena at his initial appearance on the bench, and its pungent sweetness had lasted through the long fatiguing day in the close court-room. But it was of his marriage that he had been thinking ; if Caroline Lockyer had not been fragile, as delicate as a Nankin china cup, he would never have noticed her. She was so slender, so ethereal that she hadn't seemed like a girl in the least ; it was impossible to regard her as a menace to his planned, his cherished singleness.

For years her father had been factor at Canton, in China, for a Boston tea importing firm, and, retired because of an intermitting Eastern fever,

he had come to Eastlake with Caroline and her mother. Henry Lockyer had brought back, too, tags and phrases of Confucian and Taoistic wisdom ; he was, as it were, flavoured like a gilt lacquered tea-caddy with China, and Andrew found him entrancing company. They were apt to sit through long summer evenings under a screen of scarlet trumpet creepers, the aged yellowed man and the particular youth, while the former discoursed of go-downs and candied watermelon seed and the fabulous river-gardens of Soochow. In the winter the same thing had continued in a parlour where carved ivories and imperial yellow silks had contrasted with a Pennsylvania ten-plate stove and a fretted Mason and Hamlin foot-organ. Often Caroline would sit with them, saying little or nothing, in light slip-like dresses and slippers on minute feet with crossed ribbons about the ankles. She, like Rosalee, had bright hair ; but she had worn it netted and low on her neck. Low and netted, with what light there was tangled and glinting in the smooth strands !

Well, he had paid precious little attention to her ; and then, only from a sense of duty, of acknowledged gratitude to her father, he had taken her to a party at Emery Carol's, a birthday-party for Emery's eldest daughter. The Carols lived in a long, low stone farmhouse, perhaps five miles over the gentle hills from Eastlake ; and, it had been autumn, there was cider in stone crocks. No such cider now, Andrew Rendell added. The young people were very boisterous, the kissing games more rough and frequent than usual, and Caroline had been frightened. She had been frightened and he annoyed, and eventually they had stood together outside the house, the loud gaiety, facing the keen serenity of the late October night. No more than that, then, for he had driven her home almost immediately after. Only that, then, and hardly more through the winter following. She had caught a cold early in December, about the sixth, he thought, a stubborn miserable business that she had been unable to shake off before April.

A beautiful, a heavenly spring had flowered in violets and apple-blossoms and rosy peach trees ; he had gone into Judge Thompson's office, where at once he had done well, and Caroline had grown increasingly delicate, fine in appearance. They had become very close friends, too, for when by accident she discovered the truth about her tenure of life, she had told him, in a rapid but not unduly disturbed voice. That had been in June, a day or so either way from the present date. It was then he discovered that he wanted to marry her, and he told her at once, in a voice decided but even more quiet than her own. At first she had mistaken his feeling for pity, and there had been some tears ; then slowly, slowly, incredulously she had seen more truly into his feelings.

What a richness, what a reward had been his. The shortness of their period of happiness had not been sad. They never practically referred to that ; what they had was too overwhelming. Caroline as well had come to love lemon verbena ; she became identified with its cool aroma in his thoughts. They had gone to Cuba, to Havana, a high-tiled room of the

Hotel Inglaterra ; but it hadn't particularly agreed with her, and they were soon back. He took, with Geary Ambler, law offices of their own after a year . . . events, success, marched. And then the inevitable ; yet he never dwelt on that ; the magic of Caroline had survived the disaster to her flesh, she had never died for him, nor grown less in potency. Andrew Rendell was not mystical about his wife—the habit of scepticism prevented that ; he had no conscious vision of an objective eternity of possession ; no, Caroline simply permeated, now as then, all his being ; on that plane she was absolutely, completely in possession of him. There he could never again be reached.

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After the timed clamour of the church-bells, Methodist and Baptist at one time and Episcopalian later, Sunday settled into a quiet of voluminous foliage and a leaden blue sky. Through the early afternoon the drug-store of Albert Genamon was closed to the public—a card in the glass of the door announced that it would be open at five—but Andrew Rendell, after the hour agreed upon, found, as usual, the key unturned and proceeded back to the others. They were all there, Samson and Markley Watts, Genamon and Chester Lukens. The latter had a small sheaf of sticks, some with iron heads and some with heads of bulging wood, fastened in long splices to the shafts, and a dragging pocket indicated the presence of the balls.

“ We'll go out the Goshen Road,” Albert proposed ; “ there is plenty of open both for Chester's new game and for Dash and Spot.” At a kennel in the backyard of the drug-store he unsnapped the chains of two Llewellyn setters, put them on a coupler, and, through town, a leash ; and the five, headed by Chester Lukens, went out, by a grassy alley shut in by high board fences, into the country. “ You couldn't get me on Darlington Street with Chester and those clubs, and all the folks sitting on the porches,” the station agent admitted. “ We've got kind of a bad name in Eastlake as it is for playing cards and beer-drinking.”

Andrew Rendell, who maintained a constant raillery of Watts, asked him how the church frivolities were progressing. But Markley, calling him a heathen, forgot his scruples in the serenity of the countryside. They had descended a hill from the town, turned sharply to the right, passed a very old long grey field-stone house, and were mounting a rocky slope between watered meadows, a pale green first showing of corn, and noble groves of chestnut trees. There was grazing, with cows and shifting cloud-like flocks of sheep, and against the sky a gilded weather vane flashed motionlessly. Chester was eager to show, beyond further doubt, the seductions of golf, and proposed stopping at every open reach ; but the others, indifferent about the game, interested in the casting circles of the setters, strolled on. A covey of quail was flushed, meadow larks winged upward, blue jays flew noisily along the streams.

At last Chester would be delayed no longer, Dash failed to respond from a far cover, and the five leisurely climbed a fence. Chester Lukens, placing a white hard ball advantageously, choosing a club with a wooden head, lectured the others. "This," he explained, "is the driver; at first the ball is put on a pat of sand and knocked down the course." He took an exaggeratedly bent position and wobbled the club over the ball. "You must look quite a distance," he warned them; "a hundred and fifty yards is nothing." Chester drew back, a prodigious swing followed, and the ball rolled no more than a foot from where it had been laid. Albert Genamon, with a hand shading his eyes, didn't seem to see it at the place indicated. It must, he concluded, have flown like a bullet.

Andrew was frankly impatient. "If you had hit it," he objected, "an hour would have gone into finding it. The British have been taking advantage of you, exercising their celebrated wit."

"Don't be foolish," Lukens protested hotly; "why this is called the royal and ancient game. King James of Scotland played it; there are pictures ever so old; yes, and links—that's what they are called—all over the island." He put the ball up again, again balanced the club head threateningly over it, and a second lunge followed. "Didn't he get it that time!" Samson exclaimed. The ball rose abruptly in the air and described a long course, curving, at the end, sharply to the right. "That was wonderful, wonderful," Samson Rendell continued. But Chester was still displeased:

"It wasn't anything at all, a confounded slice, probably into all kinds of trouble."

"What do those balls cost?" Albert inquired.

"About a shilling in England," Chester Lukens told him.

Albert Genamon whistled for his dogs.

"Back so soon?" Andrew asked.

"Starting to make those pills," Genamon replied; "as I see it, if I want to get as rich as I can, I'd better begin at once. When do you think the link will be ready, Chester?"

"Links," the latter corrected him shortly.

"This is only one, isn't it? I should have thought, anyhow, that it was all singular."

A careful search failed to locate the ball; and, producing a second, Chester now took a club with an iron head. "Lofter," he said, "for a fairly long shot to what they call the green. The holes there you have to get the ball into." He had more success with the lofter, but the ball evaded their diligent quest. "About five gross a day," Albert calculated. "Let me hit at it," Samson put in, and Chester agreed reluctantly. "Don't strike the ground," he warned Samson Rendell. "I picked that baffy out a near a hundred. The man who had them, a professional, said he would have selected it for himself."

Samson, copying Chester Lukens' pose and actions, swept the club through the air, and, with an air of intense and gratified surprise, watched the

ball fly out in a long, graceful, and straight arc. "That's pretty good," Chester admitted, with a trace of chagrin; "but beginners always make a good shot or two when they first try. It's when you know more the trouble begins."

"I guess that was good," Samson echoed, with a growing pleasure; "why, Andrew"—he turned excitedly—"I believe there is something in this. If you'd take it up you would get some exercise at last." Andrew didn't want exercise, and he said so crisply; he was not, he added, a race-horse. Chester Lukens waited while Samson swung all the clubs in turn; but he would not supply him with another ball; they were too scarce, too expensive to get here. "We must wait until a course is cleared; I'll see Thomas Entrekin and Harmon Riggs and get some money in this. It will be the hit of our part of the country."

They drifted back to the road and ambled on, now silent and now with trivial comment and with Albert's raised voice, "Hy, Dash! Stand, Spot"—punctuated by shrill blasts from the whistle in his hand. Soon, too soon, it was time to return to Eastlake, to reopen the drug-store. They walked boldly up Darlington Street, led by Samson and Chester Lukens, who, impatient of public opinion, were loudly discussing the probability of golf locally in the near future. "You can get a set, and a bag in New York"—it was Chester who was talking—"perhaps in Philadelphia. We might even arrange for Cattell here to handle them." Andrew Rendell paid small attention to this; younger he had indulged in a casual rubber of whist, but the habit of games had soon left him; his mind was serious, his character solitary, absorbed in the law, except for such informal occasions as to-day, and the hours in Genamon's drug-store. He was even a trifle rebellious at being required to walk—a spare, delicately-formed man, he was completely happy only when seated with one of the prime Manila cheroots, entering with swift polished thrusts of verbiage what discussion might surround him.

The sun declined and the shadows fell, reached from curb to curb; the light filtered heavy and golden through the canopies of maple trees; from opened windows came the sounds of the five o'clock cold Sunday supper. Albert disappeared through a back gate with the setters, Markley Watts dropped away, and Andrew left his brother and Chester still revolving the game of golf at a corner of Darlington and Larch Streets. He waved, but without stopping, at Rosalee on Samson Rendell's porch, obviously looking for her father. How dusty the street was; the watering-cart would have to begin laying with its thin silver flood the raised clouds. The bells for evening church sounded; they were softer now, more persuasive, than in the morning. Caroline had tried vainly to get him to church; after a few services he had relapsed into his set habits—legal problems, the works of Thomas Huxley and cheroots.

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Andrew didn't, he told himself, suddenly conscious of the full shrilling of the August locusts, know where the summer had gone. The beginning

of the week would be the first of September ; and, since June, since that Sunday which marked the introduction of golf into Eastlake, he had accomplished nothing ; oh, yes, a term or so of court, and he had drawn the cork of a fresh bottle of Bourbon whisky the day before. Life was drained of its hours in exactly the manner a bottle was emptied of its contents. He had been wearing a broad-brimmed panama, a planter's, hat ; but he'd soon have to fetch the silk hats from their leather and camphor for an ironing. There was a German on Race Street, in the city, unexcelled in the ironing of high hats. There were light quick footfalls on the porch, the screen door was impetuously opened, and Rosalee, in a pale blue dress with the absurd leg-of-mutton sleeves now fashionable, entered his study.

"Are you busy ?" she asked, poised like a butterfly beyond the table.

"Not now," he assured her, with his irrepressible touch of satire. She made a charming nose in acknowledgment of this, and then leaned forward, her hands flat on the table, with an eager rush of words : "It's a lot to ask, and you know I'm afraid of you, but there was no other way, and I so wanted to go. It's late, really, and you can't do much more this evening. You see, father and his golf"—she made a helpless gesture—"he thinks and speaks and dreams of nothing else. He's playing with Mr. Entrekin and—and—— But Chester went to the Springs. I thought maybe you wouldn't mind——"

"Dear Rosalee," he interrupted her, "has all that a subject ? And if it has, pray expose it ; you are comparatively sheltered here. Your father and his game, the Springs and Chester ?"

"There is a supper and dance out there—everybody's gone, that is, but me. I thought Chester would ask me and refused the others, but he wasn't able to at the last minute. Mary Jumel—you know, the girl who dances—came unexpectedly ; she's a sort of cousin of Chester's, and he had to drive her." Andrew Rendell replied :

"My Goddy, I haven't been to a dance for thirty years. I'd be a pretty picture at the Springs." He stopped at the disappointment sweeping over her face, the sharp drooping of her whole body. Andrew had a vision, swift and appealing, of Caroline. Rising, he put some cheroots in his pocket. "It will take Atlax a while to hitch up," he warned her. In a moment she was around the table, radiant, with hands fluttering on his thin shoulders. But in the buggy, driving to Lennis Springs, she fell silent, dejected again. Andrew Rendell studied her with a slight vertical frown between his heavy eyebrows. She loved Chester Lukens, that was evident ; and what, also, was clear was that the course of her love was not happy. Chester's discontent at Eastlake had not subsided since his return ; his voice, his habits and his waistcoats had grown steadily louder. However, that probably was only the swing of youth ; he would return to sanity and Rosalee.

That is, if he were any good.

In the other case she would be well to be rid of him. But would she ? He considered this with his gaze bent on his gloved hands engaged with

ne reins. Wasn't love, at any subsequent price, the only thing that repaid the heavy price of existence? If that were missed what, after all, remained? A short two years with Caroline. But even Rosalee and Caroline were different. Caroline was not like any other woman alive. He never thought of his wife in the past tense. There was nothing he might do, though; he detested interference with other people's affairs—just as he would accept no suggestions about his own—it always ended disastrously. Rosalee would have to meet and conquer her own future. Yet he wondered if some generalities might not be chanced. "Look here, Rosalee," he began. "In life nothing can be forced—nothing, that is, of real importance. It doesn't do to think too much about what's nearest your heart; and as for talking, for words—they no more than obscure your feelings. You work yourself into states of emotion, you do, indeed; and then it is impossible to see things as they actually are."

"If I don't think over what's near my heart what shall I think of?" he demanded.

The answer, any reply, annoyingly evaded him. "Don't be committed, at the first place." He said this shortly, unsatisfied. At moments what, intrinsically, he was overcame what Caroline had made him. She sighed, and well, he silently admitted, she might. They drew into view of the dancing pavilion, the closely-sodded bank, the broad placid stream and painted boats of the Springs. Clattering through a tunnel-like wooden bridge, they turned in at a small grove where the horses were hitched. A gay supper-party was already in progress around a number of long boards laid on trestles, and this Andrew Rendell and his niece joined. Chester was at the farther end, with, at his side, the girl, Mary Jumel, of whom Rosalee had spoken.

She was small and pale, with flamboyant hair and hands that she was always turning with a conscious experimental grace on their wrists. Andrew recalled stray phrases locally descriptive of her: she was regarded, he knew, with a veiled curiosity and disapproval because she was preparing for the career of a professional dancer, a dancer on the stage; she must be, the unexpressed opinion ran, gay. That was the masculine term, the ladies employed fast. She was certainly openly favouring Chester; actually, when, she had touched his sleeve. The older man soon moved to the bank, where he could with propriety smoke. There was an early moon; and as it rose, brightening, first the western light and then the shadows fled before its neutral radiance.

Boats stole out over the water, there were echoed laughing voices, the creak and drip of oars, and the chiming ripple of a mandolin. Other obscured figures sat near Andrew; and, from where oil-lamps made a smoky illumination in the pavilion, came bursts of music, square dances, and a rare valse. Times were changing in Eastlake, Rendell saw; things were getting more complicated.

Golf was established and the town club, the need for which they had ridiculed such a short while before, in Albert's drug-store, promised

soon to become a reality. One of the younger married women had taken a drink of Thomas Entrekin's brandy after dinner. A soft, fragrant shape suddenly dropped beside him, and Rosalee was disconcertingly pressing her face against his shoulder to stifle a sharp sobbing. Good Goddy what was it?

After a little she collected herself. "We will go home now," she said conclusively. The buggy rocked as they were dragged from the grass to the road; it was pitch black, with a disk of moonlight at the far end within the bridge. Something had gone wrong between Rosalee and that cursed young Lukens with his fictitious foreign airs. "Uncle Andrew," she spoke at last, "if you will, you can do me a great favour—please tell father, and insist on his telling mother, never to mention Chester to me again. I can't stand being teased about him. Not now. That would mean possibilities, and they are over."

To his suggestion that they had had but a lovers' quarrel she made no reply, and he had a sense of the finality in what she had said. She would get over this probably now, be married within a year; yet she would miss a great deal. A damned shame! "It's a beautiful night." She spoke later in an empty voice, a voice like the ring of a leaden bell. He told her tonically, not wholly sincere, that there would for her be many more like it. Samson Rendell was pottering before his house. "We won," he cried when Andrew's horse had stopped; "but we had to play two extra holes. Rosalee went directly indoors."

"Don't worry her," Andrew advised his brother; "she has had a break, a bad one, I think, with Chester Lukens. He was at the Springs with that piece of thistle-down; but what happened I don't know." Samson whistled softly. "Children, children," he went on, "why, when it is so brief, will they spoil it?"

Andrew Rendell, in the moonlight, couldn't answer.

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No more than a year and a month had gone before Andrew Rendell was standing in the thronged parlour of his brother's house through the ceremony of Rosalee's marriage. The man at her side, in a very flowing frock-coat, was Willis Entrekin, the son of Thomas, who was president of the Eastlake National Bank. The service drew rapidly to a close. Willis and his bride knelt; and then, from a screened piano, rose the strains of Mendelssohn. White ribbons were drawn down the centre of the room, holding back the spectators from a lane through which Rosalee had navigated her train of satin and veiling; but it was swept aside now, and there was an eager confusion of voices that ebbed slowly toward the dining-room. Andrew was with Samson and Thomas Entrekin, holding a plate that bore a devilled crab, salad, broiled oysters and a brown butter of which he was indifferently tasting. A glass of champagne stood on the mantel-piece at his elbow, and, finishing that and leaving his plate, he went out upon the side porch.

It was a little past four o'clock, the July day had been sultry ; and already the north-west a steely-coloured bank of cloud was forming. A gust, he told himself. There wasn't for the moment a breath of air stirring. Oddly, how the tongues were swinging inside ! Willis was a nice young man, a trifle heavy, Andrew thought, if not actually dull ; but dependable, especially with Thomas at his back in the semblance of opportunity. Chester Lukens had left Eastlake for the office of a steamship company in Baltimore ; nothing had come of the attachment between him and Mary Jumel. The piano was played again, not Mendelssohn, however, but the waltz from Erminie, and there was the rhythmic shuffling of dancing.

The champagne had had a wider circulation than Samson intended, and a young man or so was undoubtedly affected. The couples appeared for brief cooling periods on the porch, for whispering and giggling, the tapping of brows and fluttering of fans. It was all infinitely freer than anything to which Andrew Rendell had been accustomed. He was so absorbed, so isolated in his thoughts and the law, that he only observed his contemporary life at separated times, distinct and illuminating. It had for him an aspect of the theatrical. He preferred the older, tranquil—his own—years ; but he warned his judgment against merely growing aged, captious. Yet one thing he was forced to recognise—that manners were deteriorating, manner might be said to be a thing of the past. The familiarity between girls and men was accountable for that ; everybody now called everybody else by their first names. Where he was concerned neither attempted nor encouraged that practice ; Andrew was rigidly incalculable.

Rosalee, the wedding satin and tulle exchanged for a tightly-fitting suit, a pinched waist, found him and kissed him good-bye. " You knew we were going to live in town ? And Willis is taking me away in an automobile—don't you hope it works ? I'd simply die if we stayed stock still in the middle of the street." She hesitated a moment with her gloved hands caught at the front of his coat. " We thought it was going to be very different, Uncle Andrew, didn't we ? But I guess it's better like this. He—he would probably have made me very unhappy, with the drinking and all. Willis will take care of me, Uncle Andrew, and give me everything in the world. Then his father is one of your oldest friends. It's best as it is and no nonsense——"

She was gone, Rosalee Rendell had vanished, before Andrew could reply ; she left him intent not so much upon her words as on her speculative, yes—her regretful, tone. " No nonsense." He supposed that, under the circumstances, his brief marriage was nonsense. His opportunity to give Caroline " everything in the world " had been so short. But what Caroline had given him ! Immeasurable, endless. Rosalee was sensible—safety as against Chester Lukens' drinking. But what part in life, in young life, did ecstasy play ? Was, after all, anything but great love—he meant passion but avoided that indelicate term—sensible in the end ? So much

faded, broke, life became so quickly a thing of memories ; and among them only love stayed undiminished, its gold for ever bright. It wasn't to be talked about, shown publicly, but held inviolate at the heart. Love, the courts of law and a fragile shape in the doorway : that seemed to him the fulness of living. Yet to-day, he discerned, his vision of happiness was a little—well, old-fashioned. Homes were no longer the abodes of privacy, there was a greater flowing from house to house, more entertaining, all the while. When the clubhouse on the golf grounds was finished there were, he had heard, to be dances throughout the summer.

Willis Entrekin and his automobile ; already there were a number around Eastlake ; Andrew saw their owners grinding at them with cranks at the sides, shoving them up hills and having them dragged home by horses. Swift Hambletonians, matched pairs handsomely roading ten miles an hour, the years of his buggy riding, were already obscured in the backward rolling dust ; and in January, with a frozen snow over the ground, he stopped on Church Street to watch the cutters race to the town limits. The intensely cold air vibrated with the silvery ring of the bells on the shafts and looped on the horses' necks. Ten, fifteen years ago there would have been twenty or thirty drivers competing, the nigger stable boys in a group with gay ragged wool mufflers about their black throats, while their masters, crimson-faced under sealskin caps, held the reins with arms outstretched from swathing buffalo robes. Now scarcely ten cutters were present, with indifferent horses ; and among them there was hardly a buffalo robe.

There were amateur theatricals, however, at a paid admission, in the hall above the public library. Andrew Rendell didn't go—he had a habit of viewing the better light operas and deprecated local efforts—but Samson, who had had them from his wife, told Andrew some significant details. " It was pretty," Samson concluded. " Ellen Pine took the part of the adventuress, and the paint was thick." The elder studied him through the mingled smoke of their cigars ; it was no longer possible to get prime Manila cheroots. " An actress is an actress," Andrew declared, " and a lady is a lady ; they are different and they are bound to be. I don't believe in running the two together ; spoils 'em both. You know that as well as I do, Samson. Put any girl on the stage and you take her out of the house. Even that is all right until you try to get her back again. There is something in a girl's nature, Samson, in most girls' "—the qualification was for Caroline ; " they take publicity badly, like they do champagne."

" You'd be relegated out of sight now for an opinion like that," Samson replied. The other had, Andrew thought, amazingly kept in touch with the changing generation. Golf had done it for him. The conversation shifted to Albert Genamon's drug-store and Albert himself. Since Markley Watts' death, they concluded, it was different back of the partition among the bottles and smells. Albert was growing crabbed, there could be no doubt of that ; his wit was sharpening, becoming almost ill-natured. " They tell me," Samson went on, " that his stock isn't as wide as tha

new fellow's; but nobody can say a word about Albert's prescriptions. Honest drugs."

"Prescriptions don't count to-day as much as taradiddles," Andrew Rendell added. The subject of the Miramichi, of flies for northern waters, followed naturally; and between them it was accidentally discovered that no younger man of their acquaintance could tie a fly, could, in fact, tell a silver doctor from a dunghill, nor repair a split-and-glue rod. This left them rather breathless with disapproval. Andrew Rendell accused golf of being in part, if not wholly, responsible for such a lamentable state, and Samson vigorously supported his pleasure. "If you'd only try it——" he concluded vainly.

Instead of replying Andrew went into the dining-room, where, from a compartment of the sideboard, he produced the bottle of Bourbon whisky. He returned with it and a blue crockery pitcher of water and glasses. "This doesn't change, anyway." They drank with a silent, deliberate enjoyment. How grey Samson's beard was, the tendons of his thin hands, the hands of the Rendells, were sharp through the skin. He, Andrew, was nine years older than his brother. "Rosalee's daughter is a month old," Samson proceeded; "I went in to see them to-day. I thought Rosalee was a little down in the mouth; but that's nature, I expect."

* * * * *

Andrew considered Sara, Rosalee's daughter, through the door opening from his study to the scrap of lawn; he gazed at Sara, a child of eleven in white skirts standing out like an inverted paper carnation from her bare legs, and then at her mother, seated beyond the table from him. Rosalee Entrekin was extremely handsome in widow's black, with a close-fitting hat and a long swinging crêpe veil. After a period of silence she asked Andrew, in a high-pitched voice with a note of impatience, what he was thinking about, and he answered dryly, abruptly, that his mind had been filled with the memory of that afternoon when in blue she had leaned across his table and begged him to take her to the Springs. She was palpably a shade disconcerted.

"Good heavens, the Springs! Does anyone go there now? I haven't been for years. It was still thought quite bold to waltz in those days of the Ark. What put that in your head, Uncle Andrew? If you're not careful you'll make me feel old." But she said this with the indifference of a woman secure in what she considered the height of her charm. Her bearing, the brightness of a manner a shade too deferential to be flattering, annoyed Andrew Rendell, and he continued, "Well, you were almost where you are now, but you were standing; and it brought Chester Lukens back to my mind."

If he had hoped to reach her there he had, he saw, totally failed. She laughed. "I thought the world had ended because he had had a drink more or less, and was with that Jumel girl. She has been very successful,

you know, and danced at Covent Garden. But who knows where Chester is, I saw him some years ago in Washington ; he was rather out at elbows, not literally, you felt his jauntiness was an awful effort and wouldn't bear close examination ; and he had the airs of a masher. What I ever saw in him——" She finished the sentence with a newly-acquired shrug of disdain. Andrew Rendell suggested that what she had discovered there was love. Rosalee's clothes, on the other hand, positively implored the closest inspection possible of their fine texture and draping. He couldn't decide whether her face was painted or not, but either way it was radiantly attractive. Yet—yet, very strangely, he saw something in her analogous to her description of the present Chester Lukens ; there was about her, too, an aspect of loss. Chester, apparently had grown soft, but she, Rosalee, who had once reminded him of a hovering butterfly, had hardened.

Sara entered with her hands filled with flowers she had dragged from his carefully-tended borders. She wanted to take them home, and her mother was determined that they should be left, and an argument, a strife, rose in which the two participants were incongruously equal in sound and anger. Serenely through the shrillness the delicate pungency of lemon verbena stole into Andrew Rendell's senses. The bruised informal bouquet had been cast upon the floor, and he stooped and rescued the odorous green sprig. Rosalee gave him a fleet perfunctory smile : " I am sorry Sara has behaved so badly." Sara, contemptuous on the black hair-cloth sofa, said nothing. " Will you see, Uncle Andrew, if Baynton is outside."

Through a front window he discerned Rosalee's glittering, brass-trimmed, and enclosed automobile. Her locomotive, he informed her, was waiting. When, she put in, obviously an after-thought, would he come to dinner ? She'd ask some of his friends from the city Bench. " Pretty soon, pretty soon," he replied non-committally. The truth was he didn't much care for Rosalee's town house. During Willis's life, that stolid man had complained to him too often of Rosalee's careless habits and inattention, and Rosalee had been too waspish for his, Andrew Rendell's, comfort. And now, with Willis Entrekin dead, she was too complacent, too—too consciously rich, smart socially. He had never found her alone with her daughter at dinner, he hardly ever, even in her mourning, found her home at all. She was constantly engaged in activities which, in his mind, lay in the sphere of the strictly young. He had accused her of crowding youth from the ballroom floor, and she had replied with a galling care of explanation, almost in words of one syllable.

What she had informed him was that women were no longer sent to the wall at marriage, that had all been improved upon. Marriage rather began a woman's pleasure now than ended it ; the customs of Turkey had been pressed back within the boundaries of that detestable country. He had asked, then, what she meant by pleasure ; and she had answered, enigmatically, life. Willis, at that time alive, had cleared his throat harshly. Life, he had declared, from Rosalee's point of view, meant clothes and admiration, admiration and clothes. A vicious circle. What, Rosalee

demanding, incensed, was he accusing her of? And Willis had hastened to add, Nothing. That was—he had broken out again, not this time confining his remarks to Rosalee, but to her world. By Heaven, he wished he was back again in the old days in Eastlake; he regretted that, listening to her, he had come to the city. What had it all brought them? he cried. They lived in no better than a tavern and spent—on people worse than nothing for him—every dollar he could get a finger on.

The horn of the limousine brayed loudly and, turning a corner, disappeared, leaving Andrew Rendell still standing at the window. Another automobile and a third passed; they were common in Eastlake now, and mounted the steepest hills with a noisy ease; they seldom had to be towed home. They had come, and the cutters racing in the winter afternoons on Church Street had gone. It wasn't to this Eastlake that Willis had wanted to return, but to the old. He smiled to think of how, once, he had thought that there were too many strawberry festivals. The dances at the golf club succeeded each other at a giddy rate. The grown children of his friends, his generation, oddly reminiscent of their parents in gait and look, were a new race. The familiarity he had first objected to at Samson's daughter's wedding had grown into a universal disease. He was unable to see how the young men of the present found any mystery or charm or romance in the bare-armed, bold-looking girls with whom they smashed tennis balls across the nets.

Well, this wasn't his problem; he had no inclination to attempt the impossible in the correction of current life and tendencies. He was nothing more than an onlooker drawing near to the end of his service as judge; he had known love in its perfection and found it deathless. No, his interest, his scepticism, in the day was only general; he questioned it from certain fundamental convictions drawn from his own life and experience. He had no new salvation to propound, no faith in moral or social nostrums. Andrew was simply established in the belief that it was more difficult and meritorious to land a four-pound trout from a swift Canadian river than to knock a ball around a lot: he had never recovered from his early impression of golf; and he thought that women not actresses were happier in the long run at home than anywhere else.

As well, he was reminded, from time to time, of his increasing age; this principally irritated him, appeared as a specific assault on his stubborn will, his resolutely upright carriage. His mind, his opinions, legal and general, were as vigorous, as trustworthy as ever; but his legs, unused to exercise, betrayed him occasionally. Andrew began to dread privately his retirement from the Bench, which must come, he recognised, before the expiration of his long term of re-election. But when that hour, which should have been dramatic, arrived, it was overshadowed by the beginning of the war in Europe. The war for the five years following absorbed practically every other issue. At first he predicted that Germany would be crushed in a few months; this opinion silenced by events, he was hotly or the immediate intervention of his country. Then, dismayed by the

incompetence and dishonesty his clear vision uncovered, he said little ; weary of controversy, of cheaply partisan and lying newspapers, he returned to the pages of Thomas Huxley and *The Descent of Man*, a title which he found peculiarly appropriate to his view of the present. The strains of an impromptu band approaching over the street in the grey morning, salvoes of shots and cheers, informed him, sitting upright with throbbing pulses in bed, that another war, another epoch, was at an end.

* * * * *

His leisurely speculations became fixed more on the town, on Eastlake, than on individuals ; the latter seemed of less and less substance. But that, Andrew Rendell realised, was one of the results of old age : it made the people and things of the present remote, the voices appeared thinned, robbed of warm significance, by distance. The hands he grasped, the gazes he met were not more actual to him than the eyes, the hands of long ago. It was long ago since, with Caroline, he had stood outside the low stone face of Emery Carol's farmhouse, outside the rioting of undistinguished life. He carried in his mind, both because of the clarity of his memory and the simplicity of that early Eastlake, a complete colourful image of the place of his birth since he had first known it ; and, against that, what critically he saw about him now was, to his reserve, appalling.

Perhaps that was too strong a word ; it implicated further than the truth warranted. Andrew had always been more of an onlooker than a participant in terrestrial existence : the years of his judgeship had fostered a remoteness, an impersonality, of justice severe rather than not. It was better to say that he had no faith, small liking, for the present tendencies, the current town. It had appeared to grow worse, more feverish and disrupted, since the war ; the younger people, the nice people, whose affairs at times came before him, were specially ill at ease. To Andrew Rendell's mind they were hardly short of desperate. That spirit at his end of Eastlake dominated the very air ; everyone was in a hurry, the motor-cars rushed screeching by ; and, while the physical aspect of the street remained unchanged, except for the disappearance of the bedded mignonette, its life was different absolutely—Samson Rendell no more in the June evenings watered and cut the grass by his porch ; the mellow tin horn of the shad vendor was silent ; the church bells had a note of dismayed urgency in their morning clamour.

Sara Entrekin came at intervals to her grandfather's house, usually with a carful of strident friends ; and, Andrew told himself, there was little evidence from them that prohibition was in force. He was on Samson's steps when such a small brilliant company arrived and lingered with a subconscious interest in the mingled voices. In the back of the automobile bags of golf clubs were piled ; almost immediately the alert, confident figures were going to the club, but they were delayed by the vein of reminiscence opened for them by Andrew Rendell : " I remember the first time golf was played in Eastlake.

"Chester Lukens—he left the town soon after—had been to London and brought back some clubs and balls. He was anxious for us to try it—Chester was a great fellow for new ideas—and we met in Albert Genamon's rug-store. We used to sit there a good bit, Markley Watts and Albert and Samson, and some others, with myself. But this time we walked out the Foshen Road with Chester ; it was Sunday, too, and that upset Markley." He stopped to chuckle at the memory of Markley's timidity of bearing. Albert had his setters with him, Spot and Dash, and they were making tracks in the wheat when we climbed a fence. Well, Chester put a ball down and prepared to knock it—he said a hundred and fifty yards . . . a hundred and fifty inches would have been nearer. Then he hit a whaler and lost the ball—I don't recollect exactly what, but there was something amatter with the way he did it. But the first time Samson had a club in his hand he understood the whole thing. Yes, Samson was good from the beginning."

The perfunctory interest, the enforced courtesy, shown him, took advantage of the pause in his narrative to assure him that what he had said was a perfect scream, and then the automobile filled with its contentious load. The terms of an incidental gambling were hotly argued about the fact that everyone knew Gummery Fox couldn't see the ball. This Gummery was once more called to Andrew Rendell's attention at Rosalee's house, at a gathering there for the rehearsal of Sara's wedding. The preparatory ceremony had been at the church ; Andrew hadn't gone to that ; and in Rosalee's stiff city drawing-room he was bewildered by the clamour of the returned wedding-party. Sara was marrying a short, compact youth, with very bright blue eyes and a permanently browned, vigorously modelled face, who had distinguished himself at the forefront of the war in France. Andrew, in his remote way, approved of Mitchell Baker ; and after dinner, when he saw Sara close beside a figure in black and white in a far corner, he went forward to make them his compliments and farewell.

But when, hastily, the man rose Andrew found that it was Gummery Fox, long and thin, with a sharply interrogating, slightly wry expression. Sara was, if anything, too cordially sweet, and, with Samson, shifting the Entrekin closed car through the dark countryside, he pondered again the course of Rosalee's affections. A touch of sciatica kept him from the wedding ; his gift of expensive silver dispatched, he thought little of Sara, now a Baker, until, with Mitchell, early in the fall, she stood before him. Each said the conventional thing ; and then, to Andrew Rendell's amazement, Sara produced, not the cigarette for which he had been more or less prepared, but a small briarwood pipe and a silk bag of tobacco. Andrew watched her fill the bowl, strike a match—no woman, cigarettes or not, could do that properly, he reflected—and befog her countenance with smoke. " Goddy ! " he muttered.

Mitchell Baker laughed. " She got it in England," he explained ; " I think it's as funny as thunder. Even her mother can't quite rise to it."

The humour in that, Sara explained, lay in the fact that her mother regarded herself as quite modern. "She isn't, of course," Sara commented "She belongs to the day before yesterday." If that were true, Andrew thought where did he come in? Antediluvian. He heard later about a child of the Bakers—a boy to be called Andrew Rendell—who died; Sara was absent from Eastlake for a year or more; and then abruptly she appeared again. She came to see Andrew, without Mitchell this time; and he found her brilliant with the paint and spirit which he had grown to recognise as contemporary. He asked at once after the pipe, and she admitted that, in the interest and care of her teeth, she had given it up. Then, with a flash of his satirical fun, his idea of a joke, he offered her the hospitality of the current—nearly last—bottle of Bourbon. Far from gathering his intent she accepted at once; and slowly, almost painfully, he went into the dining-room for the whisky, the glasses and blue pottery pitcher of ice water. She drank slowly, with obvious enjoyment; and for the first time he noticed that she had the true Rendell fingers, long, sensitive, and thin.

There was a scraping of feet outside, and Sara rose. "I suppose that's the Foxes," she said; "they drove up with me, and I told them they'd find me here." Andrew hadn't known that Gummery Fox was married nor should he have guessed it, he added silently, from the bearing of the young woman introduced as Delia Fox. More glasses were necessary and when once more, gladly, alone, he carried the bottle back to the compartment of the sideboard, two-thirds of its contents had vanished. A jangling echo of the conversation remained with him, principally the details of a dance, in costume and masks, the attending dinners, to be given at the Eastlake Golf Club. This should, it had been agreed, from every indication, be a bear.

A bear, in the sense of the hugger-mugging, it would probably prove he thought. What were the ridiculous names of the confounded ugly dances now? Jazz? That wasn't quite right; he had it—toddling. Toddling he repeated it aloud with stiff lips. The master of ceremonies at Lenni Springs would never have permitted such a parody—he hadn't seen it but the name was sufficiently descriptive—of grace and youth. Ceremony and its masters had gone. The Fox woman had worn some orchids and maidenhair fern about which, to Gummery, Sara had made a pointed and challenging comment. Gummery hadn't bought them, that had emerged; and the strange exotic petals flared up in Andrew's vision and sank like a dying flame as he made a gesture toward his coat. The button hole was empty, but the tang of lemon verbena refreshed all his age and weariness. When he was young, a man, no other could have given flower to Caroline. But Caroline would not have taken them.



The night on which—it was forcibly brought to Andrew's attention—the masked ball was to be held Samson's wife, an invalid for the past five years, was weaker and the elder sat with his brother in the latter

arlour. Andrew Rendell realised that the party was progressing from the presence on the street of a number of fantastic figures—pierrots in white tulle, a pierrette and short draperies of scarlet. They seemed odd to him, but his familiarity with Eastlake, and extraordinarily characteristic of the new feeling abroad. Once the town had been tranquil, pastoral, smooth like the course of the water by the Springs, but now it was broken into countless whirlpools, shot with the bright colours of troubled confusion ; and the edge of each whirlpool interrupted the edges of others, so there was a constant turmoil everywhere. Samson appeared low vitally ; it was Memorial Day ; he had played golf—Samson who as well was no longer exactly young—from morning until evening ; and yet he was at a loss to account for his exhaustion.

“ Sara and Mitchell and the Foxes dressed here,” he told Andrew. “ I suppose the girls’ costumes are right enough to-day. In the days of our charades, Andrew, they’d have raised Cain.” The other suggested that precisely that might be in process now. “ Cain,” he repeated. Other parties were passing ; it was not yet dark and he could see a slim-legged girl coming with red balloons attached to her shoulder-straps. There were shouts, calls, running feet, unrestrained laughter, yes—kisses, on the street. Then there was a sharp splintering of glass on the bricks, the crashing of a flung bottle, and a disturbing note of anger.

Samson went upstairs ; it was time for Andrew to go, but he delayed, with his hands clasped on the old yellowed ivory knob of his stick. His thoughts were not, as customary, clear, sharply defined ; they mingled and ran from one form, one memory into another ; his grip on his mind was slipping. For example, Caroline seemed so real that he almost imagined she was before him, the whisper of her skirt sounded at the door. It was a slender figure in white, however, glittering with points of silver, frosted with silver, her hair hidden in bands of metallic brocade, and her feet in ruffled sandals.

“ Sara ! ” he exclaimed, startled. She nodded, balanced before him ; and then, wavering, recovered herself with difficulty. “ I wanted grandfather to see me, but grandfather said it was better not. She wasn’t strong enough ; he put it rather humorously. Uncle Andrew,” she demanded, “ you are very wise. Tell me—what’s it all about ? ” He was pressed if he knew. “ I mean,” she continued, “ there is such a tremendous preparation for everything, as if it were the greatest importance, and, when it comes——” The remainder she waved airily away.

He studied her through a clouded vision ; then, “ Where’s Mitchell ? ” she demanded. God, she replied, knew ; probably somewhere with Delia Fox. “ That is what it’s about,” he pronounced, and then kept a stubborn silence against her further questioning. One word, though, escaped him, pronounced more for himself than for her. “ Love,” he said. She laughed mockingly. The number of people in the room multiplied—a pierrot in white, with a face of plaster, Mitchell ; and a pierrot in black, with a perverse lace mask. This, he slowly gathered, was Gummery Fox. Fox

swayed and stumbled, but finally brought up before Sara and the shape in the scarlets of autumn maple leaves—Delia. "Which," he demanded in a blurred and insistent voice, "is my wife?" Delia giggled. "I choose you," he cried, bowing precariously to Sara Baker. Mitchell laughed harshly and slipped a hand under Delia Fox's arm.

They left as suddenly and tumultuously as they had come, but paused evidently on the porch, for Andrew Rendell heard near, intense voices. Sara's urgent tones were clear, Delia's shrillness; and then, distinct, sharp Mitchell Baker cursed. That, Andrew Rendell told himself, before ladies wouldn't do. He rose, securing his hat—there were some things which demanded correction. When he reached the porch Sara and Delia Fox were standing together, and, below them, on the patch of lawn the black figure and the white were fighting in an abandon of rage. That, he saw at once, could not be now prevented, stopped; and, in a grave, even voice he insisted on the others going within. He accompanied them to the parlour, where Gummery Fox's wife collapsed in a storm of thin sobbing, but Sara was erect, hard, dry-eyed. Nothing, Andrew realised, could be done with, for, the men; here was where he belonged; and, in an assumed calmness through which he tried in vain to keep his lips from trembling he sat on the edge of a chair. A single light in the parlour gave an isolated glimmer, and through a window there was a trace, a promise of moonlight. He wondered how long the strife on the lawn would continue: Goddy it ought to be over now! The whirlpools, turning and clashing. A shimmering white figure, portentous in the gloom, entered and walked rigidly up to Sara. It was Mitchell Baker. She half put out a hand. "Oh, your face! Where—where is Gummery?"

"Gone to the hospital," he replied, and then, turning abruptly, went to the window, against which he made no more than a sharp, sturdy silhouette. Samson appeared, with a rattle of questions, and went hastily out, and an intolerable silence, suspense followed. Mitchell, Andrew Rendell reflected, was powerful; and how hardened, in a handsome way his face had come from the war. How suddenly, with what immeasurable brutality, the undying past in men had lunged out from the tinsel of the present.

"Was he bad, Mitchell?" Sara asked finally.

"Go to the hospital and see," he answered briefly.

"I insist on your answering me."

"Why?"

"There's no real need for me to explain."

"... Over the heart. He fell ..."

Delia Fox rose, the scarlet of her dress purple-black in the darkness and ran out. Mitchell again faced the window. The moonlight was creeping in a beam into the room, it touched the silver of Sara's costume and shone there in minute coruscations of cold brilliancy. "You had better go, see Mitchell," she told him in a steadied voice; and, without a word, he too, left. His footfalls, in satin slippers, made no sound; but not long

after the sound of shoes, shoes dragging, mounted the porch steps. Samson came into the parlour, but there stood undecided. "Yes, Samson?" Andrew asked, going to his brother. The former made a short, violent gesture toward Sara. "Take her upstairs," he said. "Mitchell killed Gummery Fox; his heart couldn't be started again."

Andrew Rendell marched with traitorous knees to the girl and held out an arm. However, she made no effort to take it. In the moonlight she was a statue of ice. He could but wait, and he stood anxiously watching her. "Do as I tell you, Andrew," Samson repeated; "I'll have to see about Mitchell at once."

"Why didn't someone tell me life was like this?" Sara demanded. Everyone but the girl and Andrew Rendell had gone. Speaking, her words were separated by long pauses. For a moment he had been certain that she was about to faint; but as he regarded her he recognised that, miraculously, she was gathering courage. Say what he would of, in Sara, the present, no one might with justice call it cowardly. "I haven't known it at all," she went on mechanically. "Why, living is terrible . . . and strong and dangerous. Mitchell! Mitchell!" she cried uncontrollably, in a voice that filled the room with the agony of a tearing emotion.

And then, for a reason that evaded him, Andrew Rendell breathed the cool pungency, the green scent of lemon verbena. It enveloped him in the magic, the love which held him safe above life, beyond disaster. As ever, it recreated, brought back and back, Caroline; and for a second he plunged into the selfishness of his ecstasy and memory. But faced with duty, with an effort he came back to the present. "You will come with me," he urged Sara Baker. She shook her head negatively, and passed swiftly from a blanched, sparkling radiance to the darkness of the hall. He was so shaken that, in place of departing as he had intended, Andrew Rendell sank on to a chair. He was a long while there, for, when his confusion had subsided, he noticed that the path of the moon across the rug had shifted. It used to be on such nights that the lamplighter made no rounds; but that had been when he was a boy, in the Eastlake that, whatever better or worse might follow, was eternally gone.

FLIES—AND A WASP

By H. GRANVILLE-BARKER

THE flies are a great nuisance this autumn. When the sun warms the window of my workroom they swarm on it, buzzing and dancing, a perfect orchestra, a perfect ballet of them. I find Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia a specific. Make little pools of it all about, and they will fall in and—if one may judge of a fly's feelings—they do not suffer very long. A flop, a few twists, a wallow, a little kicking, and it is all over. They cannot, of course, read the legend on the bottle standing near : "Try it in your bath," or the irony might be accounted torture.

And at least one is more merciful than Nature ; man, for all his wickedness, is apt to be. The wasps have fine sport amongst them. I watched one yellow gentleman for a whole morning. He bagged twenty at least. In he would fly with his deeper, angrier, aeroplane buzz, and set to without delay. He'd charge at his little black prey on the window frame, miss once or twice, but at the third try for certain knock the chap down, falling with him and on him, so it seemed. I saw no fly escape after that. The wasp clasps it close, rolls over and over with it, curving his queer jointed body for a stronger grip. Once the fly gets to know it is beaten, the wasp takes his time. He rights himself and adjusts his victim comfortably. Then he proceeds with the utmost precision to mutilate. He breaks off a leg, snips off a wing, finally, by a neat stroke, the little brown head falls. Then he sails away with the corpse, out of the window. He carries it, no doubt, home to Mrs Wasp and all the little wasps ; I am sure he is an excellent husband and father.

The particular sportsman that I watched for a morning was constant to a few square inches of window pane and of sill, which was quite covered in the end with the *disjecta membra* of flies—a queerly pathetic sight. For they don't look, these little scraps and ends, like the limbs of creatures so lately alive. It is as if, rather, a fly family had emptied its hall cupboard of sticks, hats and macintoshes, as if there had been looting in fly-town.

I will confess that, as I wanted to be rid of the flies and the wasp was doing me such good service, I watched him, if with disgust, yet with approval. But at the end of the morning a foolish sentimentality attacked me. Such an ugly, so callous a brute, so busy ! The clever, careful mangling of the delicate little creatures was too revolting ! And I felt a call to deal out poetic justice. I had gone to the window to make a few more ammonia

pools. There was my hunter dismembering his twentieth fly. I watched him for half a minute, then gave him a direct dose from the bottle.

He didn't die easily. The fly was already dead. I had done it no good. I hadn't intended to. Pity and disgust both, as I stood then with poised bottle, had given place to the intoxication of power. A very slight surge of it truly, devoting one wasp to destruction ! But my victim (mine now) put such force into his struggles, contorted himself so demoniacally, that for the second or two he seemed morally to assume gigantic proportions, and I measured myself up to godhood to match him. I was Moloch or Bel or one of the other Baalim. And he, in his grotesque death agony, looked like—it suddenly came home—a savage cartoon of a great Prussian soldier being gassed. I know one thing. If there's any god feels as I did for those few seconds, he certainly ought not to be worshipped.

THREE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND A MONOLOGUE BY HENRY JAMES

[We are indebted for these and the permission to publish them to Mr Henry James, Junior, and Mr. Percy Lubbock.—EDITOR.]

TO H. M. WALBROOK.

Lamb House, Rye,

December 31st, 1911.

Dear Mr. Walbrook,

Coming down here but yesterday for a few days I found the copy of *Nights at the Play* which you have been so good as to send me, and which I am afraid had been lying here unacknowledged for some little time (I don't come very often at this season of the year—though always *liable* to come; and books are in general not sent on to me in my narrower quarters in town). I thank you very kindly for your volume, in which I rejoice to see again and to preserve your so pleasant appreciation of the luckless little *Saloon*—and which I had already helped myself to the contents of during a quiet hour in town, at the club. The book has charm, and the notices, gathered together, have a happy effect of good writing and just expression. Yet I wonder if you will pardon my saying that they tend to sin a little, to my sense, by excess of geniality, by their meeting productions and performers a trifle too much half-way. I remember a certain number of the occasions you commemorate, and can't help feeling that as to some of them your values (imputed) are easily earned and your superlatives a bit profuse. I could "name," but I won't—even at the risk of your saying: "Don't you want [me] to speak well then of anyone but *you*?" Really, all the same, I should like to talk with you of some of these things, should occasion offer (let us try to make it!) and to wrestle with you a little on your rather too often, to my churlish mind, deserting the question of the play, and what is to be said on all that ground, for the question of the actors, about which, at best, there is ever comparatively little to be said—in addition to the fact that of no class of people is there such furious celebration in proportion to their importance. You will, of course, plead that critics in the newspapers have certain traditions, proportions, directions in a manner imposed on them and are not wholly free agents, etc.; or at least you *may* perfectly answer me so, and I think I recommend you to, for I shall then at once collapse and make you my apology—besides remembering for you that youth is generous and lavish (for, of course, you are detestably young), and that one mustn't *teach* it to be sour and snarling; also that your power of admiration is in itself beautiful, brave and enviable. So you see, easily, where to have me.

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I was very sorry to learn from you the other day that you had never received the copy of *The Outcry* for which I put down your name among the very first I sent to Methuen. There must have been some singular oversight, but I never doubted I had given the direction and that the book had gone. As you mentioned having already possessed yourself of it, I didn't then inflict another copy on you—but it was exactly his allusion to *having*, or having read, the volume (as from myself) that made me take my other correspondent at Lincoln's Inn for *you* (I had sent there no second copy) in that odd muddle of good faith. My next publication *shall* go to you straight. I write in the hush of this little sleeping town during the last half-hour of 1911. Presently the big old church near me will begin to ring the New Year in. May it bring you some nearer approach to the desire of your heart (whatever that may be and if you haven't already got it) !

Believe me yours all truly,

HENRY JAMES.

To H. M. WALBROOK.

Lamb House, Rye,

January 5th, 1912.

Dear H. M. Walbrook,

I have troubled your spirit, I fear, more than lighted your path, and this mustn't be. I quite understand your consciousness of what the hungry histrions *want* in the way of adulation—following as they do the most personal, the most self-exhibitional of trades, the one that makes the men as vain and jealous and touchy as the women, and the women still more of all those things than Nature had already made them. Largely that fact is the great *désagrément* and drawback of your own office—that you have to say personal things about intense and importunate and irritable persons, and that you greatly shrink from unfavourably affecting their value to the theatres that enable them to live, etc. I agree with you that to the mere natural man (and gentleman) that kind of good-nature and delicacy about them much imposes itself—so much more imposes itself than anything else does, that for my own part the “false position” involved in the matter would make, in London, such posts as yours impossible to me—once the ingenuous flush of youth had gone by. It hasn't, with you, gone by—so *stick* to your post. *For* one must care for the Theatre and the Drama as the late inimitable and incorruptible Francisque Sarcey did, in Paris, for his forty years ; one must take it with his ferocious seriousness and with his intensity of conviction ; to let the care for individuals, as compared with the care for the art and the Truth and the Right, and the rigour of the high standard, and the critic's critical honour and integrity, matter as little, and as not one farthing's worth, as he systematically did. The real relief, in your case, seems to me to be in this, that, comparatively speaking, the actors matter so little—so little compared with the interest and dignity of the question of the play itself—that very little

attention need be given to them at all. If you follow up the questions raised, critically, by the play, follow them up further than (if you'll very amiably let me—also very amiably !—say so) you strike me as on the whole inclined to do, I think you will find the actor-questions fall very naturally into their normal modest relation (to the others) and take care of themselves. *And*, dear young man, you will thereby nobly *help the great cause*—that of righting and overhauling the monstrous disproportion, *false* proportion, that has come, in this country, to get established between the drama itself, the responsible originating sources of it, the matters at issue in the play, the authority of the author, etc., and the wretched ruck of the interpretation. That has produced the state of things in which the actor-manager is so grotesquely possible, and in which he and his train are so tremendously cocks of the walk. America makes it still worse—in America no one but the actor is regarded as of the theatre at all ; with results of a colossal vulgarity. Of course, such a condition couldn't have been created here at all but for the ineptitude and inferiority of the playwrights themselves, pretty well up to our own hour—their poor dissociation from the intellectual life of the country. This has deprived them utterly of authority and *position*—or at least it very effectually had up to day before yesterday. If they are intelligent enough and able enough they can *recover* their place and proportion (or in the case of most of them, the actual ones, it would have to be, quite primarily, gain it). The point is that the critic can there greatly *aid* them—from outside ; though, of course, the thing must be essentially and fundamentally done from inside. I commend to you the high emprise—I sound the trumpet for your charge. May I even go a little further while I am about it ?—moved as I am to illustrate by a case or two what I mean by re-establishing the proportions and getting *into* the question of the play. Some of the performances noted in your book I happen to have been present at, and I am rather possessed of the sense of where your chance, in these connections, would have been, and where you seem not to have quite seen your way to take it. As to “ Don,” “ The Chorus Girl,” “ The Mollusc,” “ Irene Wycherley,” there were, *e.g.*, oh *such* desirable and urgent and edifying and interesting things to say and points to make and discriminations to drive home, that if I had been near you on those occasions I would have taken the liberty of tenderly seizing and holding you and saying to you : “ No, my dear boy, you shall *not* chuck those happy chances for a righteous criticism, those peculiar intensities of appeal by reason of perpetrated ineptitude, you shan't turn your back so quickly and squarely upon them and address yourself almost only to the actor-people, for that simply shirks all the responsibilities and begs all the questions. Therefore only over my prostrate form—— ! ” However, I overwhelm you with words, and you will ask yourself *why*, and what you have done to draw down such an invidious avalanche. Were it not for this I should almost have been capable of telling you what *I* should portentously have said in the particular cases I have named almost at hazard. So

you see what you lose ! And I should have put before you how such critics as Jules Lemaître and Emile Faguet, in their admirable series of " Impressions " and " Propos " de Théâtre respectively, have reprinted *all* their notices with the space *all* given to the pieces themselves, and the questions raised by them and the points of interpretation either relegated to the very fewest words or dropped altogether. They have the excellent position thus that justice to the play, in each case, and attention to the claims of the drama, have *demandé* that. I have even the impression that Faguet, for the reprinted Propos, *cut out* any allusion to the actor—people that might sometimes have tagged a little at his ends ; on the ground that the Play was the thing, *the* thing ; whereby the Propos are a rounded record of the Drama in France during the particular years (playhouse or no playhouse), and proportionately complete and serious in consequence.

But you have long since called a halt—my zeal (for " the Drama in England " !) is distinctly excessive ; and the moral of the whole thing is that you must indeed absolutely come to tea with me one day, as soon as I get back to town—as to which I shall make you an earnest sign.

Yours all faithfully,
HENRY JAMES.

To Miss RUTH DRAPER.

21, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk, S.W.

December 4th, 1913.

Dictated.

My dear Ruth,—

I am posting you herewith, separately, the Monologue stuff that I wrote you a few days since that I was attempting. It has come out as it would, or could ; and perhaps you may find it more or less to your purpose. I don't really see why it shouldn't go ; and I seem definitely to " visualise " you and hear you, not to say infinitely admire you, very much in it. It strikes me, going over it again, as a really practical, *doable* little affair ; of which the general idea, portée and reference will glimmer out to you as you study it. It's the fatuous, but *innocently* fatuous, female compatriot of ours let loose upon a world and a whole order of things, especially this one over here, which she takes so serenely for granted. The little scene represents her being pulled up in due measure ; but there is truth, I think, and which you will bring out, in the small climax of her not being too stupid to recognise things when they are really put to her—as in America they so mostly are *not*. They are put to her over here—and this is a little case of it. She rises to that—by a certain shrewdness in her which seems almost to make a sort of new chance for her glimmer out—so that she doesn't feel snubbed so very much, or pushed off her pedestal, but merely perhaps furnished with a new opportunity or attribute. That's the note on which it closes ; and her last words will take all the pretty saying you can give them. But I needn't carry coals to Newcastle or

hints to our Ruth ; who, if she takes to the thing at all, can be trusted to make more out of it by her own little genius than I can begin to suggest. You'll see it's more of a little *action* than most of your other things ; though I do greatly hope there won't seem to you *too* much awkwardness in the two supposititious presences with which she is in relation. They have only to be one off at the right and the other at the left of her, I think, for the thing to go easily. I have kept down her echoing of their supposed words as much as possible, or at least made these words as few ; but the little action requires, of course, *all* of them. However, again you will understand better than I can tell you ! And I cast my bread upon the waters. I don't really think the thing too long—for its interest ; and won't pretend to say that I see you taking out of it anything you like, because it seems to me so *close* already, for comprehension and clearness ; for adequate *expression*, I mean, of its idea. Of course, if you find anything *can* be spared, you have complete licence ! But I hurry it off to you ; only making this one little request, by reason of my not taking time, under pressure, to take a copy of it—other than my first rough draft. " Henry James, Rye. Received "—*that*, cabled off to me, will relieve my solicitude for the safety of my packet. Everything else, protest, disappointment, abhorrence, impossibility—can all come by letter. But here goes !

Yours, my dear Ruth, all faithfully,

HENRY JAMES.

P.S.—I don't so much as dream, for the moment, of a title. Anything in the world you think best ! But again, an intense plea for *public* anonymity!

The Secretary of Embassy, who has called, is there in her sitting-room at the hotel or wherever, but she is clearly disappointed as to what he has had to say.

Do you mean to say, Mr. Lynch, that you've come to tell me my Presentation isn't even yet arranged, after all the time I've given you—with my writing on from Florence ? Why, I've got to go over to Paris for at least three weeks on the 23rd ; so this next Drawing-room is just the one I want, as I can't possibly be here for the one after, and still less wait if there's to be another ; I want to get the good of it—I should think you'd understand !—before I'm about ten years older. You didn't come to tell me anything about it—is that what you suggest, but just for my sweet society and to talk over friends in New York ? Well, then, you shall have all of my society you want as soon as this thing is fixed—but I won't talk over anything till you can let me know it is. I have the Ambassador's promise—that is, I have your colleague's assurance, which I hope you understand I *take* for a promise—that the Ambassador wants me to be put right through. Why, he told me so himself last week, when I asked him what you're all here for, in such style, at our expense, unless to back us up and protect us. Your colleague, as your superior,

is responsible?—and he must be attending to it; is that what you mean? Well, then, I want you to go right to that telephone—just step across the hall there, you'll see, and ring them up about it, and come back in about three minutes and tell me my name's down for the 9th. What will I do for you if you see about it? Why, I'll just tell you with my sweetest smile that I'm glad to see you do feel what you were sent out here for; it seemed to me at the Embassy lunch that you didn't quite feel it. Don't you know you were sent out to act, for our benefit—not to talk about it, but just to do it: for which I'm giving you such a splendid chance. Yes, you shall have tea at five if Sir Robin Adair doesn't come in before—I'm staying in for him on purpose, but he's usually before his time, and rather awful, too, if he finds anyone else. He mostly does, as I couldn't live in solitude for him, poor man, even if I wanted to; but I told them to let in nobody *but* you—just to have from you what I've been waiting for. (*With the opening of the door.*) Here he is. (*To her maid, who ushers in Sir Robin.*) Faites voir à Monsieur le téléphone. How are you, dear Sir Robin? You know Mr. Lynch, our Second Secretary?—who's arranging my Presentation for the 9th. (*Then as the two men have bowed and the maid waits, waving Mr. Lynch off.*) Remember the 27th won't do a wee speck . . . (*The door closed, she is alone with Sir Robin.*) Why yes, I've got to go to Paris for about three weeks—oh don't be afraid, you won't lose me for long, and I expect you'll come over too! So it simply *has* to be this first one. And it's always my rule, too, everywhere, to have my Presentation fixed for the very first date, don't you see?—so that I come in for whatever else I want. You can *do* all sorts of things with Them then—or at least *we* can; but I suppose you know. I lost about a month at Berlin last year—they seemed too *helpless*, and at last I practically did it myself. But I can assure you our man there heard of it—as they shall hear of it here too (*with smiling and pleasing decision*) if I have to waste my precious days. (*Then, as if he has spoken amusedly*) I seem to make them do what I want? Why, what in the world *should* I make them do? I agree with you—one ought to help them on their way. Then if they don't understand, poor dears, it isn't at least one's fault; and I don't at all subscribe to the pushing and fighting and rowing that *your* women seem to find necessary. The only way *I* can see it is that we should always be perfectly charming. We *have* it all—what we want—over there, have it as our *right*; we don't have to scream and scratch and kick for it. It comes to us of itself—by the natural chivalry of our men, who just *keep* us on the pedestal where we belong—at our nicest!—in any society that has a right to call itself civilised. Why, I had never really had to ask for anything in all my life till I struck that state of things in Berlin. *Their* women are abject—they grovel to the men; and our Embassy, with the sight of it all round them, seemed to have lost their own sense! Don't I miss it here then—since yours grovel too? Don't I miss our native pedestal and the lovely way we just float on? (*She looks at him a*

moment with beautiful bland archness.) Well, no, Sir Robin—I don't think I miss anything with you, because I seem to recognise that you feel the *charm*—oh no (*with a laughing protest against the too personal application*), I don't mean mine more than any other, you poor dear dense delightful Englishman ; I mean that of our beautiful response to the way we're treated in general—when we're really nice : the effect on us of being treated as Queens is that we have the grace and dignity and outlook of a class *expected* to receive homage sweetly. We get so much of it that we have *practice*—we know *how* ; and that's why (*more and more charming to him*) I have the confidence just to accept all yours. It's the way to make you comfortable—don't pretend to tell me it isn't. I know how to make people comfortable, and (*as she sees her maid reappear*) I don't mind telling you that my husband over there is the person in all the world I make *most* so ! Un télégramme ? Merci. (*With the missive, holding it up as a trophy.*) A cable—à propos !—just to show how he feels I trust him ; and probably not even his regular remittance ; since he knows by instinct when I want a little extra, and it's just laid then, with his compliments, at the foot of my Throne. Bien, Marie. You allow me ? (*She has opened her envelope, but her face shows dismay as she reads.*) Well, I declare—of all the coolness ! It isn't a remittance ? No, it isn't a remittance. (*Taking in the disconcerting difference.*) It's only a Liberty ! Then they do take them with us, you say ? Possibly—(*throwing up her head with spirit, with decision and disgust*)—men are capable of anything anywhere ! But this is quite the *first* Mr. Tuff has ever taken—and (*with still higher decision*) I nip it in the bud. What I *call* a Liberty ? I call *that*. (*Thrusting her cable at him, the words of which she repeats.*) “Think of sailing Saturday—want change.” (*With rising impatience.*) Well, then, I don't—change is the very last thing that would suit me now : except—yes—in the sense in which, as you say, he doesn't send it ! To be sure ! Your wit is homely, Sir Robin, but that *is* exactly what I'd prefer—that he should stay at home and *make* change !

(*On which Mr. Lynch reappears.*) Oh, Mr. Lynch—well then ? Your “confounded colleague” ? Well, if you've been talking with him what does he say ? “He's talking now with the Ambassador, who's at home.” (*Surprised, displeased.*) Does it take such floods of talk ? (*To Sir Robin.*) About my poor little Presentation ! Rather—“they ought to jump at me” ! (*To Mr. Lynch again, holding up her cablegram.*) Well, then, while they're sitting in judgment and you're doing nothing, just telephone, please, to the Cable Office : “Cipher, New York. Don't sail. Await remittance. Cora.” No—don't muddle it, please ; it isn't *I* who don't sail—I never meant to ! *He* doesn't. Nor he who awaits remittance. *I* do. There—just that. And right off, please. But for goodness' sake, too, keep hold of your colleague. (*To Sir Robin again, as poor helpless Mr. Lynch is off.*) Yes—as I was explaining ; that's how it is : we're Queens because you just *make* us so. That is, not *you* in particular, because we

come to you ready made—and you wouldn't be capable even if we didn't ! But you all feel our difference—even when you don't know, poor things, what to do with it : yes, except to be just abjectly under the charm. You struggle—because you think you ought to and can't help it ; but I do you justice—you *are* all the while nice and abject. You see it *gives* us something, and that carries us : our unique position—which wouldn't be anything, no, perhaps, if we didn't know how to take it. But we do know how to take it, you see—and that's why we reign ! Why, I'd be just as ashamed to abdicate—with our power for *good*—as Queen Victoria would have been ; who was about the only one of your women, anyway, who has *had* our position. (*Smiling at him for the bewildered way he takes this.*) You don't know what to think of my comparisons—but that's just why I fascinate you ! (*As Mr. Lynch reappears.*) Well, have you sent it ? Then *that* at least is a mercy ! And have you got your colleague back ? “ Seems a difficulty ”—with your Chief ? What difficulty ? On the part of your colleague ? What has he to do with it, anyway ? Can't you talk to the Ambassador straight ? If you really can't, you know, *I* can ! (*Then as for the benefit of both of them, as if Sir Robin has spoken.*) “ I did in Berlin ”—yes, very straight indeed—and I guess it's on the records ! (*Then all to Mr. Lynch, who has spoken to her in astonishment.*) The difficulty's about Mr. Tuff—where he *is* ? (*Really amazed.*) What has *that* got to do with it ? The Ambassador wants to know ? (*With resolution.*) Then tell him it's none of his business ! (*To Sir Robin.*) Oh—“ I go too far ” ? Not in the least !—I go but the full length of the American woman's right ! (*To Mr. Lynch again.*) Tell your Chief I ask him where the *Ambadress* is. (*Echoing.*) “ She happens to be just now in New York ” ? (*As with triumph.*) Well, then, that's just where Mr. Tuff happens to be. (*In continued surprise as Mr. Lynch goes on.*) “ He isn't due, then, to arrive before— ? ” Before *what* ? Before the Drawing-room ? (*Then to Sir Robin, while Mr. Lynch hangs fire embarrassed.*) And as you say, indeed, when I just stopped him !—though (*with amusement*) I guess if he was thinking of coming it wasn't for the Drawing-room. Mr. Tuff isn't much on Drawing-rooms. (*Yet explicitly, for the benefit of both.*) Mr. Tuff is a *very* nice man—and a *very fine* man ; but he has no call at all to London ; and (*to Mr. Lynch*) I *must* ask you to get on, please, with my business. I can do *my* part alone—without Mr. Tuff. (*Exit Mr. Lynch ; with her surprise at the apparently desperate manner of it.*) What in the world's the matter with him ?—throwing up his hands like that. (*Then as after some shrug from Sir Robin.*) It does, *indeed*, seem another case of Berlin—and if our people down there aren't simply stupid about it, why your old monarchs over here want looking after ; and if they don't take care I'll just go for them. Perfectly—as you say—one regular Royalty is as good as another ; when Royalty is what we claim ! (*But renewed surprise again for Mr. Lynch's reappearance with a question.*) “ Can't I get him ? ” Mr. Tuff ? Get him for *you*—poor dear busy Alvin ! “ Get him for the Lord

Chamberlain " ? (*At her climax of bewilderment.*) What does he want all of a sudden—? (*She looks in sincere challenge and wonder from one of the men to the other ; then in impatience, almost in pity, for so much queer clumsiness ; addressing Mr. Lynch.*) Yes, you strange ineffectual thing, please say I want to understand and should very much like to know ! (*Exit again Mr. Lynch ; followed by her stare of an instant at Sir Robin, in whom she sees criticism, amusement or whatever.*) I " scare " him—" out of his wits ? " (*In perfect good faith.*) How can I ?—when I'm so clear and reasonable, if they'd only be ! (*Quite bland and earnest to Sir Robin, as if really for explanation.*) We don't scare—how ridiculous !—with our position, and our grace ; and our men know how to take us—that's the way they understand it. (*With a nod towards Mr. Lynch's whereabouts.*) He's all right, except that he's not as *bright* as we really ought to have them, you see. But I shall have done him good. I'm not sorry that you should see, in a sort of way, what you told me the other day you wanted so—"how our institutions work." (*But as if a bit pulled up by something he answers.*) Our " social " ones—yes ; I'm not talking about our political—though (*as with the duty of showing spirit*) I guess they're about as good as yours anyway. You'll see how *this* will work—if I just sit tight—even if your Lord Chamberlain *has* gone off at such a tangent. If they can have *me*, why such a clamour for Mr. Tuff ? Alvin's nice, as I say—and if he *were* here I guess he'd be interested, but that's what he just is in *my* being ! Therefore, why drag him in ? (*Amused.*) Don't you think you might—as your province—find out what's the matter with them ? (*With Sir Robin's having, as he shows, his idea.*) " You think you know—and wonder I don't guess ? " Well, if I don't, it's perhaps because over there on our side we're not used to be kept guessing. When we don't know we're informed. (*As he has, to her amusement, taken her up.*) " But we generally know ? " Yes, I think we generally know—because I think we happen to have instincts. " And here (*as he has imputed*) my instinct fails ? " Well, I'm not obliged to have one for the mysteries of your machinery—so let me enjoy the sensation of feeling my mind a blank ! (*Highly good natured.*) " I make you so often feel yours one ? " Then we'll call it quits—and (*as the door again opens*) let Mr. Lynch perhaps at last explain ! (*But she sees only her maid with an open note.*) Il est parti ? (*Taking the note.*) Qu'est-ce donc ? (*With the note, mystified ; but first to Sir Robin.*) What are you laughing at ? (*Wondering at his answer.*) He's in a " funk " ? Well, I'm not ! (*With her eyes only now on the contents of her note, which she reads out.*) " Lord Chamberlain wants *Husbands*—to account for you all ; and draws the line at four of you, in the six of our submitted list, without apparently half-a-one between you ! Too few, he says, to the dozen. Requires at least one—so fear it's for *you* to produce him. No song, no supper ! Lynch." (*She stands quite arrested and astounded ; it's really a revelation, requiring time for her to take it in.*) Well, of all the feeble arguments ! (*But she sees her visitor convulsed with his amusement.*) Yes

—and as funny as you like ! (*She has a pause, a long one, quite a silence, of deep consideration—her first mystification beginning to pass gradually, while she gazes before her into the recognition of her practical necessity. This passage represents her fine little capacity for understanding, after all ; and shadows forth in her, with its light on the practical, her possession of the famous “ American adaptability.” She must make it very pretty and interesting—as she easily can ; and, in its visible process, very intelligible. She is after a moment before the table, facing her public, on which writing materials stand, and there, thoughtful, reads over again Mr. Lynch’s revelation. Then, as with a comprehensive decision, to Sir Robin, her maid having left before.*) Please ring them up for me. No—not the Embassy. To cable. (*More definitely launched in action now, taking the cable advertisement, with its telephone indications, from the table, and holding it out to him.*) Their number. (*Then as he has come back for it, she reads it out.*) “ Come right over ; King wants us both. Cora.” (*Then to Sir Robin.*) That, please. (*Alone again, after his exit with the paper, she mechanically straightens out two or three things while she thinks ; then she is on her feet again—with a sort of uplifting vision of everything.*) I’m so glad Alvin’s nice !

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY : AN APPRECIATION

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

WHEN Mr. Saintsbury remarks in Hazlitt's criticism "the *gusto*, the spirit, the inspiriting quality" . . . "that amorous quest of literary beauty and rapturous enjoyment of it . . ." he is, I think, saving us the trouble of finding words to describe the essential quality of his own criticism. And though this central flame burns less brightly in the modern critic, the fact of its being there at all is certainly more to be wondered at. For Hazlitt, like some other of our great critics, was a desultory reader, who browsed where he pleased and followed his nose in criticism. It is true that he gave certain courses of lectures—the English Poets, the Comic Writers, the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Queen Elizabeth, which are among the happiest things in English criticism : but they are not literary history. In them Hazlitt does not map the country, but contents himself, and us too, with describing, with his singular felicity, the towering peaks and various great landmarks. That he could do this with such astonishing sureness of touch without knowing much or anything of minor persons is proof enough of his critical genius, but it does not give us much cause to wonder at his retaining that enthusiasm which has been remarked in him. No one who has read widely in critical literature can have failed to notice that the literary historian, who has "to read everything," to devour methodically great masses of literature, to bring order into a bewildering array of names and dates, usually shows us little of this *gusto*, this "amorous quest of literary beauty." The dead weight of books is usually too much for him. In the end the method remains ; there is order where before there was chaos ; but alas ! the spirit has long since fled, and what we finally receive are the cold judgments of a man who has substituted a formula for a critical palate, a day's duty for a delicate but insatiable appetite. This in part explains why there has been such a gulf between our great critics, supremely felicitous in judgment, and our literary historians. Of the latter it would be foolish to speak slightly, for they have done some wonderful pioneer work ; but how many have given us the things, perhaps only phrases, that are keys to new treasure-chambers of literature ?

Now, the great, and perhaps peculiar, glory of Professor Saintsbury is that he has retained this *gusto*, this central flame of literary enthusiasm, throughout a long career (be it noted that he is treated here as a writer) devoted to the chronicling of literary history and similar ventures. Note, first, the sheer bulk of his work : several volumes of essays on individual writers, periods, styles, and what not ; anthologies and various editing work ; biographies ; histories of English, French, European literatures ; histories of criticism, English prosody, English prose rhythm ; the novel,

English and French ; and so forth. The list is amazing : the mere sight of it intimidates one and makes the more indolent of us wonder what we do with our time. But mere bulk tells us comparatively little. As some ubiquitous contemporaries have shown us, it is not difficult to suggest solid achievement, at least in the catalogues, by dint of hashing and rehashing. I have heard of a certain tradesman, now dead, who had a passion for collecting execrable verse and making books of it, until at last he took up more space in the literary reference books than almost any living writer. But if we examine some of the volumes in this list, and think of what went to the making of them, our wonder and admiration can only grow. To say, as Professor Saintsbury himself does somewhere, that he has "undertaken some tough literary ventures" in his time is only to understate the matter. With the audacity of an Elizabethan sea-captain, he has put out his cockle-boats into vast uncharted oceans of literature, and returned triumphant, laden with glittering spoil and odorous with strange spices.

Consider the three-volume *History of English Prosody*, the *History of English Prose Rhythm*, and, greatest of all, the immense *History of Criticism*, that epic of literary taste. Labours as vast (Courthorpe's *History of English Poetry*, for example) have been successfully accomplished even with us ; Germany and, latterly, America have been prolific of such things and can show us bibliographies of an incredible size. But where else can we find, going along with these things and leavening them, raising them to a higher power, that unflagging spirit which we have already remarked in Professor Saintsbury, that keen savouring of literature, that enthusiasm, with its train of half-humorous and wholly admirable hyperboles, which never deserts him even in his most herculean labours ? Throughout he never declines from the critic proper, apt to appreciate and compare, to the mere recorder with his blunted palate and lack-lustre eye. Hardly ever do we meet with the weary gesture, so familiar elsewhere, that directs the author and his work to their appointed pigeon-hole, the particular kind. Notwithstanding the vast scope of his research, the book never becomes to him merely a thing to be classified ; it is always a prospective source of delight ; and it is in that spirit, the only one for a critic to work in, that we see him approach book after book, writer after writer, in all that great mass of literature through which he has guided us. And it is this almost unique combination of extraordinarily wide reading and research and unflagging appreciation, gusto (call it what you will), that makes him so rare a critic, so delightful a guide and companion in letters, for these and any other times. There is such a brave and human spirit shining through everything that he has written that one is stupefied at the queer epithets—"academic," "pedantic," and the like—that have been hurled at him by novelists turned critics and others ; until one remembers that, to such persons, he has had the pedantry, the pedagogical insolence, to prefer Shakespeare and Fielding, Thackeray and Shelley, Dryden and Swift, to them and their friends.

It is easier to say—offhand—what Professor Saintsbury's critical position is not than what it is. His criticism is known to us as it should be known—by its fruits. But if it is its roots that we wish to disentangle, one or two passages from his *History of Criticism* may be of some service. Replying to those who pronounced him wanting in philosophy in his *History of Criticism*, he wrote :

I hold that the province of Philosophy is occupied by matters of the pure intellect : and that literary criticism is busied with matters which, though not in the loosest meaning, are matters of sense. I do not know—and I do not believe that anyone knows, however much he may juggle with terms—why certain words arranged in certain order stir one like the face of the sea, or like the face of a girl, while other arrangements leave one absolutely indifferent or excite boredom or dislike. I know that we may generalise a little ; may “ push our ignorance a little farther back ” ; may discover some accordances of sound, some rhythmical adjustments, some cunning and more or less constant appeals to eye and ear which, as we coolly say, “ explain ” emotion and attraction to some extent. But *why* these general things delight man he knows no more than, in his own more unsophisticated stage, why their individual cases and instances do so. I do not think that my own doctrine of the Poetic (or the literary) Moment—of the instant and mirific “ kiss of the spouse ”—is so utterly “ unphilosophical ” : but I do know that that doctrine, if it does not exactly laugh to scorn theories of æsthetic, makes them merely facultative indulgences. And just as physiology, and biology, and all the 'ologies that ever were 'ologied, leave you utterly uninformed as to the real reason of the rapture of the physical kiss, so I think that æsthetics do not teach the reason of the amorous peace of the Poetic Moment.

As a pendant to this, particularly to the “ matters of sense ” part of it, we may add an earlier passage from the Tennyson essay in *Corrected Impressions* :

Readers, and I hope they are many, of Maginn's *Story without a Tail* will remember the various reasons assigned for taking a dram, until the candid narrator avowed that he took it “ because he liked a dram.” It is undoubtedly natural to humanity to disguise to itself the reasons and nature of its enjoyments ; but I do not know that it exhibits this possibly amiable and certainly amusing weakness more curiously or more distinctly in any matter than in the matter of poetry. Men will try to persuade themselves, or at least others, that they read poetry because it is a criticism of life, because it expresses the doubts and fears and thoughts and hopes of the time, because it is a substitute for religion, because it is a relief from serious work, because and because and because. As a matter of fact, they (that is to say, those of them who like it genuinely) read it because they like it, because it communicates an experience of half-sensual, half-intellectual pleasure to them. *Why* it does this no mortal can say, any more than he can say why the other causes of his pleasures produce their effect. *How* it does, it is perhaps not quite so hard to explain ; though here also we come as usual to the bounding-wall of mystery before very long. And it is further curious to note that the same kind of prudery and want of frankness comes in here once more. It often makes people positively angry to be told that the greatest part, if not the whole, of the pleasure-giving appeal of poetry lies in its sound rather than its sense, or, to speak with extreme exactness, lies in the manner in which the sound conveys the sense. No “ chain of extremely valuable thoughts ” is poetry in itself : it only becomes poetry when it is conveyed with those charms of language, metre, rhyme, cadence, what not, which certain persons disdain.

Here we have the doctrine of literature for our good pleasure's sake, of omnific form and its peculiar emotion, stated with a vengeance! Innumerable idols are tumbled down that the word itself, mysterious, imperishable, may be throned on high. And throned with it, or above it, is the omniscient and omnipotent personal taste, from whose judgment there is no appeal. Some there may be who doubt whether actual practice in criticism can go very far on the lines we have seen laid down. If so, let them read in Professor Saintsbury's unnumbered volumes and decide for themselves. But they must not, of course, expect that cast-iron consistency from which our best English critics—happily, I think—have always been free. I can at least save such doubters and scoffers some trouble by taking them straight to a very promising little battleground, cleared and ready for the drums and trappings of critical battalions; it is a passage from his *History of Nineteenth Century Literature*, and it runs as follows:

But the Ode (Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*) remains not merely the greatest, but the one really dazzlingly, supremely great thing he ever did. Its theory has been scorned or impugned by some; parts of it have been called nonsense by critics of weight. But, sound or unsound, sense or nonsense, it is poetry, and magnificent poetry, from the first line to the last—poetry than which there is none better in any language, poetry such as there is not perhaps more than a small volume-full in all languages.

It is not, of course, the judgment itself that will sound the trumpet-call to arms, but the cool "Sense or Nonsense—this is great poetry!"

Turning again to the *History of Criticism*, we may note, with approval, disgust, or mere amusement, a very characteristic passage expressing the critic's distrust of the definition:

The port was the Fair Haven of Romanticism, and the purpose was to distinguish "that which is established because it is right from that which is right because it is established," as Johnson himself formulates it. And now, of course, the horse-leeches of definition will ask me to define Romanticism, and now, also, I shall do nothing of the sort, and borrow from the unimpeachable authority of M. Brunetière (*quoted in note*) my reason for not doing it. What most of the personages of this book sought or helped (sometimes without at all seeking) to establish is Romanticism, and Romanticism is what they sought or helped to establish. In negative and by contrast, as usual, there is, however, no difficulty in arriving at a sort of jury-definition, which is perhaps a good deal better to work to port with than the aspiring but rather untrustworthy mast-poles of "Renaissance of Wonder" and the like. We have indeed seen, throughout the last volume, that the curse and the mischief of Neo-classicism lay in the tyranny of the Definition itself. You had no sooner satisfied yourself that Poetry was such and such a thing, that it consisted of such and such narrowly delimited Kinds, that its stamped instruments and sealed patterns were this and that, than you proceeded to apply these propositions inquisitorially, excommunicating or executing delinquents and nonconformists.

A further danger of the definition in criticism, a danger from which Professor Saintsbury has naturally been free, but one that has ensnared not a few critics of the last century, is that it tends to push the actual work into the background and itself into the foreground. Thus a body of

work is given, perhaps for the sake of mere convenience, a certain label—romantic, neo-classical, realistic, naturalistic, or the like. Before long the “horse-leeches” are attracted by the label, and one or more definitions are fastened to it. From now on critics begin to batten on the definitions or quarrel about them and, all the while, the work itself, the only real thing and the only thing that matters, is fading further and further into the background. The ordinary reader begins to peer through the spectacles of definition, and risks losing whole periods of literature that would normally have proved a delight to him.

Another danger, one that is not so pressing now, though still liable to threaten from unexpected quarters, and one against which Professor Saintsbury has ever been careful to guard himself, is the critical fallacy of “This is beautiful but not to be tolerated.” There is a characteristic explosion against this doctrine of monstrous beauty in the *History of English Prose Rhythm*, which may be quoted as an example of many things. It follows the quotation of a very beautiful passage in Ruskin’s most opulent and puissant style :

Now, of course, it obviously may be said, and probably has been said a hundred times, that this is illegitimate, a “monstrous beauty,” something that “you *ought not* to like.” Well, this is the seventh vial-volume (I blush for it) that I have opened in hope of pouring contempt and destruction on the doctrine of monstrous beauties. It is impossible that beauty should be monstrous ; and if I met a monster that pretended to be one and was beautiful, I should, like Prince Seithenyn, tell it to its beautiful face that it was no monster. But *is* this beautiful ? There of course we come to the old flaming walls of the world of taste. I can only say that if it is not, I do not know where beauty of prose is to be found.

As yet, however, we have seen more of the negative than the positive side of his theory and practice. But there is a passage in the conclusion of the *History of Criticism*, the result perhaps of the expansive mood that often comes at the end of a long labour, in which he proclaims the critical faith that is in him :

But it may fairly be asked, How do you propose to define *any* principles for your New Critic ? And the answers are ready, one in Hellenic, one in Hebraic phraseology. The definition shall be couched as the man of understanding would define it : and if any will do the works of the New Criticism he shall know the doctrine thereof. Nor are the works themselves hard to set forth. He must read, and, as far as possible, read everything—that is the first and great commandment. If he omits one period of a literature, even one author of some real, if ever so little, importance in a period, he runs the risk of putting his view of the rest out of focus ; if he fails to take at least some account of other literatures as well, his state will be nearly as perilous. Secondly, he must constantly compare books, authors, literatures indeed, to see in what each differs from each, but never in order to dislike one because it is not the other. Thirdly, he must, as far as he possibly can, divest himself of any idea of what a book *ought to be*, until he has seen what it is. In other words, and to revert to the old simile, the plate to which he exposes the object cannot be too carefully prepared and sensitised, so that it may take the exactest possible reflection : but it cannot also be too carefully protected from even the minutest line, shadow, dot, that may affect or predetermine the impression in the very slightest degree.

Now, it is not so much his critical theory as his practice that we are concerned with here. With any born critic, I maintain, the two are never quite the same : his practice is always wider, deeper, more embracing than his theory. There is certainly nothing that Professor Saintsbury lays down above that he has not put into his own practice. No one can deny the scope of his reading, and few can be blind to his extensive use of the comparative method. This last is, I think, the source of one of his weaknesses, one chiefly to be found in his histories of special periods, where it may be partly excused by the lack of space. The weakness in question is a tendency to emphasise the continuity and development of the literature itself at the expense of the individual writers who compose that literature ; a habit of explaining everybody in terms of everybody else, so that while one learns that B. (that great genius) is better than A., who paved the way for him, but not so wonderful as C., who followed after, one still feels uncomfortably ignorant about B. But when this is said, it is only fair to add that the literary historians on the other side, the " Forces," " Tendencies," " Spirit of the Time " mongers, are as a rule infinitely more unjust to their individual authors. Still there must be a good many of Professor Saintsbury's readers (and those not the least enthusiastic) who have been impressed by a certain lack of finality about his treatment of individual writers. This is in part also due to what appears to be his dislike of pushing an analysis very far. Often he leaves the lemon before he has squeezed it dry ; after indicating a few well-marked characteristics, he is apt to take refuge too quickly in one of the innumerable terms, beginning, say, at the "*je ne sais quoi*" and ending somewhere near that mysterious verb "*fondoos*" he uses to describe the mystery of personality and genius. But if the method has sometimes left him weak where a few—a very few—other critics are strong, it has also made his stronghold of taste, comparison, and estimate impregnable when so many critical fortresses have been tumbling about their captains' ears. It has given him a sureness of touch in handling large masses of literature, the history of whole periods or special kinds, that is the admiration of students and the despair of critics who follow in his wake. Further, combined with certain innate qualities of mind, it has made him the best critic of critics, the best historian of books about books, in our literature. The humourless and timid academic may be alienated by certain peculiar—but, I think, delightful—idiosyncrasies of style and manner ; other persons, who have axes to grind and are secretly afraid of his wide reading and hatred of fashionable literary cant, may pretend a great disdain ; but those readers who have followed in his tracks find themselves turning again and again to his innumerable felicitous judgments with ever-increasing admiration and gratitude.

He has, of course, his limitations, most of them the natural limitations for which experienced readers are able to allow. I for one do not think that he shows the same extraordinary sureness of touch in dealing with literature produced, say, since 1850 that he does in dealing with work

of an earlier date: it is not to be expected. He always shows, too, a tendency to react overmuch against current enthusiasms, against writers whom it is the fashion to praise. This, however, is not very deplorable, nor very unnatural; it comes from the desire, deep-seated in every true critic, to adjust the balance, to throw some weight into the lighter scale. Thus, when everyone is clustered about the swings, Professor Saintsbury does not hesitate to come forward and praise the exquisite and delectable roundabouts. He has, as his readers know, some strong opinions and his fair share of rather Peacockian crotchets. He professes a creed of Toryism so extreme, so fantastic, that it probably has no fellow in these islands. He can take a strongly partisan interest in our politics up to 1832, but after that it is simply a matter of our going to the dogs at varying rates of speed. For the rest, he can still call Cambridge "the Whig University," and he may, for all I know to the contrary, be the last of the Jacobites. His attitude is so astonishing and puts him, for most of us at least, so far beyond the pale of controversy that one could no more quarrel with him about it than one could with Peacock's delightful Doctor Folliott, with whom he has much in common. Anyone who wishes to see the crotchets bristling has only to turn to his invaluable *Peace of the Augustans*, and in particular to a passage on Johnson. But even in this volume, where he makes very unfair though entertaining comparisons between an eighteenth century that he clearly understands and loves and a twentieth century that he plainly does not care to understand and love—even here he performs his task supremely well; it is his business to comment upon the literature of the older century, and this he does magnificently. Crotchets or no crotchets, not once does he play the traitor to his love of letters; not once does he deny the Muse and conceal his delight or find none, because of extra-literary considerations. On the other hand, there are not a few writers whose characters are the very ones with which he is least likely to have any sympathy, whose views and aims must be abhorrent to him, to whom he has been one of the first to do full justice. No one, for example, has given Shelley a higher place among our poets. And no one has recognised more justly and generously the amazing critical genius of Coleridge, who has been so seriously under-estimated by more than one critic of our time.

Again, no one has been bolder in speaking out when such a thing has been necessary. We must make no mistake about this. It is easy enough to speak out or to play the part of *l'enfant terrible* in criticism if one has no critical conscience and is a devotee of mere impudence in literary judgment, or addicted to what Professor Saintsbury himself calls the practice of "ragging." But for a critic who knows the English, nay, European tradition of literary judgment, and is himself working in that tradition, it requires no little courage and honesty to speak out against a weight of great authority. There was weight enough on the side of Byron as a great poet when the following passage, one example out of many of "speaking out," was written by Professor Saintsbury nearly thirty years

ago. The passage is not quoted, be it understood, as a final estimate of Byron, for its purpose is simply to show what Byron is *not* :

Byron, then, seems to me a poet distinctly of the second class, and not even of the best kind of second, inasmuch as his greatness is chiefly derived from a sort of parody, a sort of imitation, of the qualities of the first. His verse is to the greatest poetry what melodrama is to tragedy, what plaster is to marble, what pinchbeck is to gold. He is not, indeed, an impostor ; for his sense of the beauty of nature and of the unsatisfactoriness of life is real, and his power of conveying this sense to others is real also. He has great, though uncertain, and never very *fine*, command of poetic sound, and a considerable though less command of poetic vision. But in all this there is a singular touch of illusion, of what his contemporaries had learnt from Scott to call gramarye. The often cited parallel of the false and true Florimels in Spenser applies here also. The really great poets do not injure each other in the very least by comparison, different as they are. Milton does not "kill" Wordsworth ; Spenser does not injure Shelley ; there is no danger in reading Keats immediately after Coleridge. But read Byron in close juxtaposition with any of these, or with not a few others, and the effect, to any good poetic taste, must surely be disastrous ; to my own, whether good or bad, it is perfectly fatal. The light is not that which never was on land or sea ; it is that which is habitually just in front of the stage : the roses are rouged, the cries of passion even sometimes (not always) ring false. I have read Byron again and again ; I have sometimes, by reading Byron only and putting a strong constraint upon myself, got nearly into the mood to enjoy him. But let eye or ear once catch sight or sound of real poetry and the enchantment vanishes.

Here, too, we may notice more fully what has already been touched upon, his hatred of, and onslaughts upon, fashionable literary cant. Nor does he restrict himself to demolishing men of straw, cheap phrases and cheaper attitudes, but fears not to attack things that have passed current in some very good circles ; so that even the great practitioners are not safe from him ; not even Coleridge, as witness his very neat counter (*Hist. Eng. Criticism*, page 333) to Coleridge's famous and over-quoted gibe at the opening couplet of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*. There is a very characteristic onslaught upon one of those phrases that reviewers are too apt to inflict upon their readers in his *History of English Prose Rhythm*, a volume, by the way, that is crammed with perhaps unexpected entertainment :

In touching on the prose of William Morris, it is hardly possible to avoid a small *excursus* of controversy, such as I have elsewhere for the most part eschewed. Critics of worship have pronounced his method "Wardour Street" ; and in Wardour Street, or out of it, there can, it seems, come no good thing. Well, that was pretty much Ben Jonson's objection to Spenser ; and I do not think the best judgment of posterity has endorsed it. For my part, I have no more antecedent objection to thing or person because the street from which it comes is named "Wardour" than I have preference for it because that street is named "Regent" or "Rivoli." All I want to know is whether it is beautiful and delightful. For me, I find beauty and delight in Morris's following of Mandeville and Malory and some saga-men, not only now and then, not only not seldom, but very nearly always. It is, of course, like all falsettos, liable to a breakdown ; and this sometimes, though not very often, occurs. At other times it seems to me extremely agreeable, and very nearly your only style for the matter. If anybody does not want the matter, well and good ; let him leave it alone. I want the matter and I like the style.

Another and not less characteristic passage, attacking an attitude of mind that is now very common and not very healthy, can be culled from his *History of the English Novel*. He is objecting to the not unnatural but *extra-natural* way in which Meredith manages to colour his representation of story and character, and gives instances. He goes on :

They (some of the principal characters) are not impossible : they could be translated into actual tellurian beings, which the men and women of the bad novelist never can be. But at present they are not translated : and you must know a special language, in a wide sense, in order to translate them. I do not say that the language is impossible or even very hard to learn : but it is required. And Meredithians say you ought to learn it. An extremely respectable book of reference before me rebukes " those who lack the intelligence and sensibility that can alone admit them to the charmed circle of appreciative readers " and who " have not patience to apply themselves to the study of the higher fiction with the same ardour that they think necessary in the case of any other art." Now " Fudge ! " is a rude word : but I fear we must borrow it from Goldsmith's hero and apply it here. As for " charmed circles " there is uncommonly good company outside them. where, as Beatrice says, we may " be as merry as the day is long," so that the Comic Spirit cannot entirely disdain us. And as for art—the present writer will fight for its claims as long as he has breath. But the proof of the art of the novelist is that—at first hand or very shortly—he " enfists," absorbs, delights you. You may discover secrets of his art afterwards with much pleasure and profit ; but the actual first-hand delight is the criterion. There ought to be no need of sitting down before the thing with tools and dynamite like burglars at a safe ; of mustering crucibles and reagents like assayers at some doubtful and recalcitrant piece of ore. Now these not very adept defenders of Mr. Meredith seem to assert that these processes are desirable in any case, and necessary in his. As a matter of fact the necessity is not omnipresent but it is present far too frequently. It is the first duty of the novelist to " let himself be read "—anything else that he gives you is a *bonus*, a trimming, a dessert.

It is possible, nay, probable, that I have been parting company with not a few well-disposed persons all along the route up to this point. I shall probably part company with many more from now onwards, for we have come inevitably to some discussion of Professor Saintsbury's style, that famous style over which so many people, themselves not likely to figure in any anthologies of prose, have made merry. Like most styles that are truly styles and native to their users, it has been largely conditioned by the work it has had to perform. The sort of style that will do admirably for little meditative essays on Love and Death will be little use for the writing of literary histories, in which an immense array of facts and a prodigious number of opinions have to be presented in the smallest possible space. Our prettiest stylists have usually kept clear of such rough-hewing work. In his *History of English Prose Rhythm* Professor Saintsbury is very depreciatory and humorous about his own powers : in the preface he quotes with emphasis Diderot's epigram on Beccaria's " ouvrage sur le style ou il n'y a point de style," and in the text there are, for the purpose of comparison, numerous references to " Cluvienus and myself." But elsewhere in the volume, on page 351 to be exact, the curious may find a spirited defence of the neologist and the parenthetic writer against the

charges of slovenliness and bad grammar put forward by "half-educated critics" and others. So here are clues, if anyone should be blind and deaf enough to need them. The two most characteristic features of his style are, of course, his extraordinary use of parenthesis, clause within clause like the carved globes in the Oriental toys, and his uncommon use of literary allusion. He quotes widely, of course, but is much more given to allusion, ranging from the stock things of literature to rather obscure college jests, all natural enough in a man soaked in letters and of some humour, and eager to lighten his page and pass on good things, or recall them, to his readers. Of the two well-known dangers of allusion and quotation—first, that of being trite and boring; second, that of being obscure and teasing—he completely escapes the first to fall a victim to the second. There must be a good many people, of whom I am one, who profess to have read and remembered a little but to whom more than a few of his allusions are still mysteries. His parenthetical manner is simply the result of a full mind, anxious to leave nothing unsaid on the subject in hand, working with little space at its command. There is, too, to be observed in it an entertaining duality in the writer, so that as we read we hear two persons addressing us. Mr. George Saintsbury, the enthusiastic lover of letters, begins the sentence with a smashing hyperbole, but is immediately checked by Professor Saintsbury, the scholar, who points out some exception, a reservation, or what not; the enthusiast promptly shakes off his interrupter, and gives a side-cut at those for whom it should be necessary to state such reservations, etc.; so the scholar immediately hints that there is something to be said for them; and so it goes on. Style and manner are, of course, so personal that we can only draw nearer and nearer to "the red flaming walls of the world of taste." Doubtless there are many readers who are only irritated by his repeated side-cuts at "critics of worship," "persons who shall be nameless," and the rest; but in its suggestion of a scholarly pugnacity dashed with old-fashioned courtesy this polemical manner of his has always given me, for one, more than a little delight. I have always found some entertainment, too, in his habit of not merely saying that a thing is good or excellent, but of applying to it a whole host of metaphors drawn from precious metals and stones and (better) eating and drinking. Surely a man has a right to let off steam somewhere in a literary history! There is much to be said for the hyperbole, judiciously used, even though Macaulay has made it so unpopular in most quarters. There may be persons who really dislike an outburst like the following when they encounter it in a learned handbook; but I for one cannot join them: "To Dr. Brandes, Scott is an author 'whom no grown-up person reads'—a generalisation perhaps the rashest, except Tolstoi's, that 'all prostitutes and madmen smoke,' which, in the course of a large experience of books, the present writer has registered." As for his style in general, although I have found it sometimes clumsy and altogether unlovely, at others irritating and positively obscure, nevertheless I hold that there is much to be said in its favour. It suits the matter (difficult

as that usually is to cope with), and it suits the man. Because it is not a pastiche of the styles usually held up for imitation, its good qualities are, I fancy, apt to be overlooked. It is not for nothing that this style belongs to the man who has written so much and so well on English prose style and its rhythm in particular. The quotations I have given are mostly in one "key," and more fully representative of opinion than style; but even in them one can mark a certain felicity of rhythm and cadence, a certain crisp ring that falls easily and pleasantly upon the ear, and, of itself, tends to carry conviction. He has, too, some cunning in the long falling close, in which the pace gradually slackens and phrase after phrase goes ebbing out. And when occasion calls for a change of tone, demands that the loose easy style shall be raised into something more closely knit, more dignified and weighty, it does not call in vain, as many fine passages can testify. One such passage there was, that concluding one on Johnson in *The Peace of the Augustans*, I could have wished to quote, but I have quoted enough: let it remain with its fellows, ready to give the lie to those who have spoken hastily and unjustly. To any reader at all disposed to be friendly, this style of Professor Saintsbury's soon ceases to be a trick of assembling words and becomes the fit expression of a strong and winning personality: it becomes a voice. And it is a voice that lures us into places of enchantment, and tells of things infinitely beguiling, and thus earns for ever our gratitude; while we, on our part, can but stammer our thanks in some such poor way as this, and so remain for ever fathoms deep in debt.

THE HISTORICAL TEACHINGS OF ARCHITECTURE

By HALSEY RICARDO, F.R.I.B.A.

HISTORIANS do not sufficiently avail themselves of the irrefutable testimony of buildings. It is true that the language of these erections still left to us as witnesses of the past requires some special insight and training in order to decipher their story and to discern the aspirations and emotions contained in their structures. Annals and records—the pay rolls excepted—are written with a personal and political bias : even the old ballads are not free from this. Chronicles have to be carefully sifted—collated and corrected where possible—much of their fact having been collected from hearsay. Even Dr. Johnson took care that in his reports of the discussions in Parliament, “ the Whig dogs should not have the best of the argument.” Moreover, there is an end to the supply of these documents and corroboration or conflict from fresh and separate sources has its value, especially from the ingenuousness of their nature. For buildings—be they cathedrals, churches, town-halls, castles, homes—are direct embodiments of the ideals and necessities of their time : they exemplify the temper of the nation in quite an unconscious revelation. Walls are built about a city to protect it. But in France and England, for instance, the fashion of those walls, and the meaning of their defences, take us back to the Assyrian room in the British Museum. There we see the fosse, the wicker towers and battering rams of the besiegers, the stones and missile flames of the besieged—in the days of Shalmaneser. Previous to the Crusades, the walls of the Normans were little more than stone palisades : but the visit to Constantinople, the fighting in Palestine and Egypt, taught the Crusaders the lore of the Eastern warriors, their resources and offensives. Those who returned—to Europe—profited by the grievous lessons they had learned, and fortifications from the thirteenth century onwards take a new shape in response.

The architecture of our churches and cathedrals in the fourteenth century marks the passing of the French tongue. The “ Decorated ” period is essentially English in character, intrinsically unlike the “ Flamboyant ” on the Continent. “ A master of Grammar ”—John Cornewaile—in 1349 “ changed the lore in grammar school.” The statute (date 1362) “ orders English to be used in the pleadings of courts of law because the French tongue is much unknown.” “ Decorated ” architecture—Lichfield cathedral is an example of it—is of graceful shape, easy, flowing, showing great mastery of craftsmanship, and where it could be practised in safety—as in the miserere seats in the choir, for instance—a hostile criticism of the clergy by the craftsman and his fellows. It was the time of the Lollards. The life of Wyclif ranged from 1324 to 1361. Rival Popes disputed the bishopric

of Rome. In the memorials and shrines of this period we see how the Church has lost its hold—spiritually—on great and lowly alike. The worldliness of the clergy and the individualistic arrogance of the nobility begin to show themselves in the monastic buildings and the private monuments. In the spandrels of the foliation of the Percy shrine at Beverley Minster, for example—where, in the thirteenth century, the figures would be angels in prayer or adoration—there are men in armour, displaying the shields and cognisances of their patrons : devotion has given place to pageantry. The Black Death for a time put a stop to building, changed the relations between rich and poor ; the human attitude of noble to serf gave place to bitter attempts to impose, and escape, increase of thralldom ; the Church stood aloof, proud, exorbitant, and after the hiatus caused by that awful visitation, we have a return of church building—repair and enlargement of our cathedrals, a kind of frightened repentance and an earnest desire to procure propitiation, lavishly if need be.

But building craft was no longer within the walls of the monastery, and the guilds had their own views as to the function and character of the church. We get in consequence “ Perpendicular ” architecture—an architecture amazingly scientific in construction, but with scarcely a particle of religious fervour or conviction. Henry VII’s chapel, at Westminster, is erected to the honour and glory of a King—not a Saint. The exhaustion of this almost mechanical type of building may be seen in the Abbey at Bath, with its meagre appointments and its puerile imagery. When, however, it comes to domestic building the scene changes. Castles and Halls are equally illustrative. The development of the house plan is eloquent of the customs of the times : and one notes through all the conflicting claims and passions of the builders the sincerity of their work. It is frankly honest and, where simple, unashamed. To read the plays of the times of James I and Charles II, one might conclude that the aristocracy, as well as the Court, was hopelessly corrupt—that life was spent in a kind of cloud-cuckoo-land, where the high lights were costly dresses and elaborate ceremonials, and the shadows were made of death by poison and stiletto. But the buildings of the seventeenth century bear this out not at all. The honesty and thoroughness of the construction, the reasonableness of the planning and the moderateness of the dimensions—even in the largest mansions—show a manly self-restraint with a fine sense of what is due to the dignity of the family. Some affectations there are of Italian, Dutch, and German detail, engrafted in most instances by refugee craftsmen from those countries, but—take Ham House, Twickenham, for instance—they were houses to live in, stately, but human still in their proportions. The world-encompassing schemes of Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake did not make them megalomaniacs. Even Stamford House and Audley End did no more than house the retinue of their owners. The dissolution of the Monasteries and the demolition of much of their buildings taught moderation in the number of retainers.

We read that the pomp of Wolsey matched, if it did not outdo, royalty itself. Five hundred persons of noble birth composed his household, besides his quantum of servitors. Hampton Court and York House were his two Palaces, whilst the King built his (Nonsuch) at Ewell. The contrast is instructive. Hampton Court, of Wolsey's date, is dignified, solid, and, excepting the State Hall—which had to be spacious and impressive on account of the receptions and entertainments given there—thoroughly domestic in a quiet way, built in good durable brickwork with “no nonsense about it.” I do not know how much King Henry occupied himself over his Palace at Ewell, but I should guess he took a considerable hand in the matter. It was elegant, flimsy, fantastic, full of charming detail, spiky with spirelets, resplendent with gilt lead panels, and a ruin within the space of a man's lifetime. Its assertions were as valid and as lasting as those of the Defensor Fidei, for as none can see the vanished pomps of Nonsuch, so I assume none do read the Royal blast against Luther. The yeoman's house—before, and indeed after, the Commonwealth—illustrates how he and the small squire lived. Pictures of these houses—there are many yet in the land—give reality and breath to the people in the *Tatler*; to Sir Roger De Coverley and his fair widow, Will Honeycomb and the others of the *Spectator*.

The Parish Church, from the time when it was a refuge to the time when its doors are only unlocked on a Sunday, is a storehouse of information to the craftsman. The way the masons handled the stone, and where the stone came from; the way the sawyer prepared the beams, the methods of the carpenters, the choice of the wood for the purpose it was to serve, the locality from whence it came, is all so much local history, and often more than local. Sometimes the stone would come from a (comparatively) far-off quarry to avoid paying the toll that would be exacted by an unpopular landlord, if it were brought across his land. The trade in our Midland Alabaster—its export, and the letters and invoices concerning its consignment—gives curious sidelights on the practices at the time, and our connection with the artists and their patrons on the Continent. Up to and during the seventeenth century the attitude towards building, especially as regards domestic work, was to build simply what you wanted, in as direct a fashion as circumstance would allow, to fulfil the needs of everyday life. The Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, the houses in the stone districts, all show this direct aim. There is a homeliness about these buildings, a sense of quiet and security, representing the main current of the stream of life, no matter how agitated and stormy the surface of the stream might be. Most of the houses extant are post-Reformation buildings, and the signs of the change in the Faith are discernible mainly in the Grammar Schools. The Bible was open to all (in the vulgar tongue), the iconoclasts and fanatics were few (in proportion to the number of the population), and the substantial houses looked placidly on the local ferments that surged round their bases and against their doors and windows. Their

substantiality implies fixity of tenure, several generations of the first owner were expected to occupy successively the building—it was constructed by the proprietor to shelter his posterity, and he saw to it that the construction was faithfully performed. There was no pretence—every detail was honestly worked, the date and a trifle of embellishment were set over the entrance doorway, as due both to the house and his lineage. Even in the larger houses, such as Montacute, Longleat, and the like, there is no pretence. There is a fine sense of orderliness, of balance, of adjustment of the masses, of the qualities that lay nearest to the heart of the owner, accentuated by his disgust at the froth and disorderliness in high quarters, so contrary to his instincts and repellant to his pride. It was not till towards the end of the seventeenth century that pretentiousness, with its concomitant dishonesty, begins to appear. The immensity of such palaces as the Pitti in Florence, the Farnese in Rome, Chambord in France, Chenonceaux, Fontainebleau, infected the young wealthy virtuoso on his grand tour, and he came back to find sympathy with the architects of his day. A few of the aristocracy set to work erecting their extravagantly unwieldy palaces, such as Blenheim, Castle Howard, Houghton, and such like, and the lesser men aspired to follow suit. The taste became general, limited in most cases by the capacity of the owner's purse. In the case of the Duke of Chandos there was not even this limit, he found himself unable to complete his grandiose schemes at Canons. Lord Clarendon had to give up his Palace in Piccadilly, but these miscalculations had no general deterrent effect. The fact that Blenheim was a building to look at, but certainly not to live in, that the climate of Italy and England differed in the matter of heat and sunshine, that the pomp of a cardinal with his appanage of ecclesiastics and nobility bore no relation to the entourage of a British Generalissimo, had gradually a sobering effect on our English magnates. But they clung to what they considered the "correct" style and demanded a front to their houses to provide the stately splendour of ancient Rome as seen through the eyes—and fingers—of Palladio. Squires and yeomen took to refacing their manor houses, hiding the roof in front with parapet and cornice, but leaving the flanks and back in their homely simplicity. Stucco on brickwork, to imitate stone, soon followed. So far, this pretentiousness scarcely affected the craftsman. His stonework was well chosen and laid, his brickwork remained as masterly as ever, his joinery beyond reproach, and the ironwork beyond compare. New woods were brought into use—fir from the Baltic, mahogany from Cuba—woods which when seasoned would keep their place without twist or shrinkage. Painted cloths and tapestries gave way to wood panelling, in the furnishing of the room; sash windows and well-fitting doors lessened the discomfort of draughts, and where the site for a new house was to be chosen, there was no need to select a sheltered hollow, dark and damp, to avoid the cold blasts of winter. The traditional standard of handicraft was maintained, the workmanship was carefully and leisurely done. Labour was cheap and

formed only a modest percentage of the bill, and the owner was generally content to wait till he and his workman could get the precise quality of brick or stone, or the kind of clean timber, that they required, and which was best for the building. The history of the materials used was known. How the stones lay in the quarry not so far away, what their behaviour was when used as walling, lintels, or roof slates. The beam of oak in the ceiling was almost an old friend. The carpenter had had his eye on it years back as the oak tree stood on the hill side. He had followed the "stick" to the saw pit and remembered how the sawyers had discussed its toughness and the evenness of its strength. He had ear-marked it for this particular purpose, as it was being squared in the timber yard, and his eye gleamed on it with satisfaction every time he entered the room where it was doing its duty in helping to carry the floor over. There was no rest for him until he had done his most experienced best for such a choice piece of wood. The carver posing as a sculptor was not quite so sound. A great deal of Grinling Gibbons' carved woodwork is filigree appliqué. The background is of oak, the carving is in the soft wood of the lime tree. To have cut his baskets and festoons of flowers, fruit and corn out of the solid would have been beyond even his skill of craftsmanship. But the layers of paint (for the oak-panelled rooms were painted) hid the disparity of the woods, and the carving appeared homogeneous with the background, to the stupefaction of the beholder. To astonish and captivate the spectator by things which were not what they seemed appeared foolishness to the workman; but that they should be valued and sought out as sufficient substitutes was heavy discouragement. Was the world really content with goods not quite honestly finished? The question received no answer from the church. In the various religious revivals there might be some hope. But the patronage of dissent was restricted, the gentry held aloof, and the taint of religious vanity shows itself in their chapels. To this day the frontispieces of their conventicles parade an importance which is not upheld by the rest of the building either outside or within. This dishonesty of presentment—like the layer of best fruit on the top of the basket—was not obligatory on the congregations; they were not obliged to ape the structures of the Established Church; they might have taken a lesson from the Quakers: in the honest charm of their meeting-houses, redolent of sincerity, unanimity and simplicity. There is no pretence in their plain buildings, but the honesty and straightforwardness of their construction, with the kindly help of Time, have dowered them with a flavour akin to woodruff and lavender.

All over the country, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, rose mansions in the Classic style—chiefly Palladian—testifying to the sudden prosperity of the landed gentry, and, to some extent, to the wealth accrued from the new and increased use of machinery in the manufacturing towns. Owing to the still lingering craft traditions, these buildings are respectable and—due to their settings and surroundings—make an impressive feature in the landscape, but the life that is in them is rigid, they represent little

more than opulent security. It is in the offices and stables that the breath of humanity comes warmer and more cordial: the ample spacing of the kitchen and its adjuncts, the profusion of outbuildings, the trim and generous provision for the horses, evidence of the many helpers concerned in the engineering of the house and its efficiency, the many hands that go to shape the house into a home. For the charm of a building, in most eyes is due to the human care and pride that has been spent on it. We look, wonderingly, and dutifully, on these creations of man, but, until we know or can infer their history, they scarcely touch really our emotions: we search for the personalities that have left their traces on them, the sorrows and joys that their inmates have suffered and rejoiced in, the signs of thriving and expansion, of bad times and depression, the bonds that are common to them and to us. A new building is but the beginning of possibilities, the shell for which we must construct the kernel; but the shell needs all our care, lest the kernel gets warped or fails to grow.

The Gothic Revival symbolised—on the part of the Church—an awakening from the self-satisfied torpor into which it had sunk. But the value of Mediæval architecture is the popular impulse that permeates every portion of it—popular impulse and popular interest—and in the revival it was these elements that were lacking. The attempt to recover the sincerity of the past, both in creed and craftsmanship, came from above, from the “intelligentsia,” and the workman was puzzled as to the meaning of the movements. The revival of old methods meant the discard of much acquired traditional knowledge and practice, and the competition of machine-made work, professing to reproduce the effects of handwork, made the latter seem an anachronism. During the last century a new feature arose in the growth of suburban residences round the great towns, and the country villa residences for the more prosperous portion of the commercial class. Speculative building assumed larger proportions. Whole districts, such as Belgravia, were taken in hand, often by a single firm of builders, and the smaller fry, who had no reputation to lose, in their haste to realise the fruits of their speculation, built their houses as cheaply as they could, crowded far too densely on the plots of ground they had acquired. The easy carriage, by railway, of goods from the productive centres shows itself in the materials used, where brick houses and cottages with blue Welsh slate roofs, start up in districts where the local stone only had hitherto been used. Masoncraft, thatching to roofs, cob-wall building are discoverable in isolated districts, where handwork has to be practised, cost what it may, and in default of imported materials. The engine-driven saw cuts its way unconcernedly through the marble, stone, and wood presented to its teeth, and the distant mason and carpenter knows little of the nature of the stuff he is handling—how it lay in the quarry or how it grew in the woods.

The extraordinary capability of machinery has captivated our imaginations, and we have set it to do work regardless of its true function. Its

business is to relieve us of much drudgery, but not to minister to our luxury. It may cut our floor boards, joists and roof timbers, but not make our panelling or any other useless work for our delight ; it may make our cups and saucers, but not decorate them ; it may hem our cloths, but not embroider them.

The incidence of travel shows itself in the treatment of the material as well as in the salient features of columns, cornices, and mouldings. Inigo Jones, it is true, revolutionised the planning of our mansions and palaces, and the foreign craftsmen, flying from their native shores, owing to the unrest and oppression that overtaxed their endurance, brought with them their methods and the secrets of their trade. But the methods and the secrets were their trade assets, and the architects were content to use, but not to control them. But some 150 years ago, when the status of " Surveyor of the Works " had for some time risen to be a cultured profession, the monumental remains of Rome, Athens, and Asia Minor were minutely inspected and measured, and the treatment of material, which had escaped the observation of Gibbs, Chambers, and the brothers Adam, was examined and criticised. Subsequently, as travelling became easier and cheaper, other lands were explored. This wider spread of education has been by no means a pure blessing. It has led to a superficial estimate of the real living qualities of architecture—it has led to learned chatter of " styles " and " periods," to an undue and misleading antiquarian appreciation of the past. The historian will learn more of the general attitude of the people of England from the " week end " house in the country than from the dry learned buildings that are sporadically rising to meet the demand of those who wish to reproduce the life that once was, 100 years ago.

Building craft, which includes architecture, has been and always is a living and developing art, and the fibre of tradition that runs through it is extraordinarily tenacious of life. The Italian workman, for instance, uses, when the emergency arises, the hand-to-mouth shifts and contrivances that Cæsar's legions employed when making their camps in Germany and Gaul. In their quarters in the winter time, unless the soldiers were kept busily employed, there was likelihood of mutiny. So clay was burnt to brick, the woods were thinned for timber, and search was made for metal ores and limestone. When disbanded, these men were picked up by the wealthy, as workmen or overseers of workmen, for building their houses, terrace walls, cisterns for the storage of water, and so forth. In the ruins in Rome and the Campagna round about one can discern the desperate shifts the builders were put to, from the scarcity of wood for strutting and centring. Wood was hard to come by, and there were insatiable claimants who asserted prior rights. Wood was essential for the warming of the houses and the public baths ; the bakers and cook-shops insisted on their needs ; the armourer and the smith had to be satisfied ; the potter and the tile maker appeased before ever a stick was available for the builder. The

arches, vaults, and domes are eloquent witnesses of this cruel shortage. The use of concrete lessened the demand for bricks, but concrete for floors and roofs requires centring, and expedients to minimise this necessity help to give interest to the amazing structures that were built in the heyday of Roman prosperity. Some of these expedients are in actual use by the workman of to-day. Traces of the Roman occupation of England are still discoverable. The magistrate in the far North, under the lee of the Great Wall, had his residence warmed by fires beneath the ground floor, and the heat was carried up by means of flues in the walls, and distributed throughout the house. On the south wall he grew his vines and fruit trees, and drank the wine of his own making. In the walled gardens of Northumberland one finds these hollow walls heated by the gardener's stove, to "finish off" the fruit, which otherwise would seldom ripen in that latitude. Without wine and figs the life in the gloomy cold of his exile would have been unendurable to the official from central Italy. For oil, I must assume he had to depend on his supplies from the Province.

Our chimney flues mark the disappearance of the boy sweep. Whilst only wood was burnt on the hearth, a large cavern overhead had its conveniences: fitches of bacon were smoke-dried there. Accommodation for the family had to be found round the widespread fireside, to escape from the cold draughts that came from the doors and windows. But when the use of coal became more general, the sluggish products of coal combustion—sluggish as compared with the volatile wood smoke—required a differently shaped flue, much more restricted in area. The limit of the restriction was the minimum area that a man—or often a small boy—could work in, in his way up the flue. The abolition by law of this form of flue-cleansing removed this restriction, and the size of the modern flue is conditioned by the dimensions of the bricks used in lining it.

Castle-building came to an end with the use of gunpowder in warfare. All the wonderfully ingenious devices for protecting the defenders from the arrows and slings of the besiegers—the battlements, loopholes, alures, curtain-towers, and such like contrivances—were rendered useless. The cannon ball no longer encountered a wall, but lost itself in a mass of earth. Enough such fortifications survive, however, to show us what the citizens and garrisons had to endure, and how they attempted to parry the storm and reply to the enemy.

We view our history as it were perspectively. Incidents appear to jostle each other noisily, since the intervals of quiet between them are shortened. Wars, invasions, falls of dynasties appear to churn up the face of England into a distracted welter, with scarce breathing space between each disaster. Our estimate, too, of the troubled times is made from our present standpoint as to what constitute the aims and ties of life. The buildings of the past throw a sidelight on this perspective. They need the interpretation of a builder, as well as an antiquarian, to reveal all that is contained within their structure—so construed, their testimony is

unimpeachable. They were erected as the frank expression of ideals and needs of their time, without thought of their use as historical documents for the future ; they were built, some slowly, some in haste—some lavishly, some thriftily : each addition, alteration, diminution chronicles some historic event, humble, individual, exuberant, national, the fervour of piety, the calm of well-being ; what was ill-built has vanished under the tooth of Time, what remains is our precious heritage. In all ages destruction has lessened our legacy : sometimes necessary ; often in hand with greedy selfishness ; on some occasions blindly. Destruction must be forced to exhibit its warrant before it shows its activity, for these records, though they may be preserved, can never be replaced.

REPRINTS—IV

[This beautiful poem was first printed in the first collection of *Miscellaneous Poems*, edited in 1726 by David Lewis (1683 (?)–1760); and in that volume the verses were said to be translated from the “Ancient British language.” Their authorship has never been established beyond dispute, but it seems likely that they were by Lewis himself, for he was a Welshman. Another Welshman, John Dyer, was also a contributor to Lewis’s collection, but *Winifreda* does not resemble Dyer’s known work. Only one poem, some lines addressed to Pope and printed in Savage’s *Collection of Pieces on Occasion of the Dunciad* (1732), is actually known to be by Lewis, but there are in his two Miscellanies (the second appeared in 1730) many fine anonymous lyrics and epigrams, some of which are almost certainly by him. He also published in 1727 the tragedy of *Philip of Macedon*. The *Song to Winifreda* has several times been reprinted: by Percy in his *Reliques*; by Locker-Lampson in *Lyra Elegantiarum*; by Arber in the *Pope Anthology*; and—in a slightly different text—by John Gilbert Cooper in his *Letters on Taste* of 1754.—EDITOR.]

Song to Winifreda

AWAY! Let nought to Love displeasing,
My Winifreda! move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We’ll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we’ll be good.

Our name, while Virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where’er ’tis spoke;
And all the Great Ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk!

What though, from Fortune’s lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We’ll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content, without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give:
For we will live a life of reason,
And that’s the only life to live!

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;
 Sweet-smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 While round my knees they fondly clung !
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue !

And when, with envy, Time, transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys ;
 You'll, in your girls, again be courted,
 And I'll go wooing, in my boys.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. Our Correspondent will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

GENERAL NOTES.

IT is only comparatively rarely that a bibliographical book of first-rate importance makes its appearance. Bibliographers are probably the rarest species of the literary genus, and their works are of a kind that takes long years of labour in its production. But I have this month to announce the publication of such a volume by Miss Henrietta C. Bartlett. Miss Bartlett, I need hardly remind my readers, is part-author, with Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the *Census of Shakespeare's Plays in quarto*, 1594-1709, published in 1916; in the following year, also, she compiled the catalogue of an exhibition of Shakespearean books held at the New York Public Library. Now she has added to our indebtedness by her latest volume, *Mr. William Shakespeare : Original and early Editions of his Quartos and Folios, his Source Books and those Containing Contemporary Notices* (Yale University Press, New Haven, and Oxford University Press, London, 12s. 6d.). This book is described by Miss Bartlett as "an attempt to bring together, in compact form, all the more important printed sources before 1640, from which we derive our knowledge of the greatest English dramatist, his life and works. . . . No attempt has been made to touch manuscript sources." This Bibliography is divided into four main parts : first, editions, up to 1709, of Shakespeare's own works ; second, spurious works, which have been attributed to him, and adaptations of his plays, from Caryl's *English Princess*, 1667 (a version of *Richard III*), to Garrick's *Florizel and Perdita* of 1762 ; third, "source books," which Miss Bartlett defines as "books which Shakespeare may have read or to which he refers" ; fourth, books containing references to Shakespeare and his works up to the publication of the first folio in 1623, together with some later references, the latest being, I think, the *Gesta Grayorum* of 1688. In the third section some selection has, of course, been necessary, as also in the fourth, from which Miss Bartlett excludes, for example, such a book as Isaac Wake's *Rex Platonicus*, 1607, which only indirectly throws light upon a Shakespearean problem. Full bibliographical details of every book included are, of course, given, with some account of the distribution of the rarer ones ; and, moreover, some description of the contents, and importance, of each book is given, so that the work is not only a mere bibliography, but also a book of reference for students whose interests are mainly biographical or literary. I have only one complaint to make about this book, and that is the purely selfish one that when an author knows as much about his, or her, subject as does Miss Bartlett, the unfortunate reviewer is left with nothing to criticise, and nothing but complete self-effacement as his lot.

"IT seems that the hour has come for a fuller and clearer consideration of the life of Thomas Holcroft." When a writer sounds just that confident note about a man who is, to most people, a name, if even that, we can feel confident that we are in the presence of an enthusiast, the possessor of much curious knowledge, and that we shall probably enjoy ourselves in his company. The enthusiast in present question is Captain Elbridge Colby, of the United States Army, who contributes the first

part of *A Bibliography of Thomas Holcroft* to the June number of the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*. Captain Colby prefaces his bibliography with a short essay upon Holcroft, who was born 1745, and a list of Principle Events in his life. In this list the last entry is "1809. Died, March 24th, without funds"—and that after a life of such extraordinary literary activity as Captain Colby's bibliography (taken in this part as far as the year 1785) reveals. "But who, after all," I imagine some of my readers asking, "was Thomas Holcroft?" And perhaps the best thing I can do to put them in the way of identifying him is to say that he was the author of the once famous play *The Road to Ruin*, and of the ballad of *Gaffer Gray* :

Ho, why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
" 'Tis the weather that's cold,
And I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!"

Holcroft was in 1794 indicted for high treason, along with Hardy, Horne Tooke, Thelwall and others. Charles Lamb knew him and wrote of him that "One of the most candid, most upright, and singlemeaning men, I ever knew, was the late Thomas Holcroft. I believe he never said one thing and meant another, in his life; and, as near as I can guess, he never acted otherwise than with the most scrupulous attention to conscience." Captain Colby is much to be commended for undertaking the laborious research necessary for a detailed bibliography of the writings of a most interesting man. Other contributions to this number of the *Bulletin* are Part 2 of a list of books in the library referring to Hand-spinning and Hand-weaving, compiled by Mr. W. B. Gamble, and Part 11 of Mr. D. C. Haskell's list of books in, or relating to, the Provençal language and its literature.

ANOTHER periodical which I have to acknowledge is *The Bodleian Quarterly Record*, whose thirty-fourth number recently reached me. In its section of *Documents and Records* there are two papers. The first of these gives a list of Greek scribes, from the ninth to the seventeenth centuries A.D., whose signatures or hand-writings are found in Greek manuscripts in the Bodleian. A note says that it is hoped that a series of facsimiles of pages from all the MSS. mentioned may soon be published, in order that even more hands may be assigned. The second article is called *A Grand Inquisitor and his Library* and deals with the books of Ferdinand Martins Mascarenhas, Bishop of Faro from 1594 to 1618; these were taken by Lord Essex in 1596, when he sacked Faro, and were presented by him to Sir Thomas Bodley. The books numbered about two hundred, and most of them are to-day identifiable in the Bodleian. They are mostly sixteenth century "treatises of theology, scholastic philosophy and canon law."

THE second part of volume 19 of *Book Auction Records* (Henry Stevens, Son and Stiles, 30 Great Russell Street, W.C.1) is now out. It contains nearly five thousand records of books sold in Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow and London, during January, February and March of this year. Possibly the most notable sale

recorded in this part is that of the books from the Britwell Library, last February, at which Dr. Rosenbach was the chief buyer. Many of the books there were unique, and many others only known by two or three copies, and the record here of the prices they fetched is useful and interesting. Among the prefatory matter in this number of *Book Auction Records* are some *Bibliographical Jottings* by Dr. George Watson Cole, librarian of the Huntingdon Library.

THE well-known firm of natural history and foreign booksellers, Messrs. Dulau & Co., of 34, 35 and 36 Margaret Street, W.1, which was founded by Arnold B. Dulau in 1792, has now been taken over by Mr. F. W. Chaundy, Mr. L. F. Chaundy and Mr. E. H. M. Cox. Mr. F. W. Chaundy has for some time past been managing director of Dulau & Co., and he will continue personally to direct the business.

ADDITIONS TO PUBLIC COLLECTIONS.

BOTH the Bodleian and the Cambridge University Library have been enriched by gifts from Lord Tennyson of original manuscripts of works by his father. To Oxford has gone the manuscript of *Gareth and Lynette*, and to Cambridge those of *The Princess* and of some sketches for the *Idylls of the King*. I have not seen the conditions of the latter gift, but the gift to Oxford is made "on the understanding, which is in accordance with his father's objection to *variorum* readings, such as spoilt Wordsworth for him, that the manuscript shall not be published or used for the purpose of obtaining *variae lectiones*, and that only short notes shall be taken from it." The condition raises several curious points, which could be debated at length. For instance: Do variant readings often spoil a reader's pleasure? I should have thought that, if that were so, it would be quite a simple thing to read an edition with a plain text, for an author's own published versions are never entirely superseded by *variorum* editions. And why does an author not destroy his own early drafts and corrections? Is it not that he fears that they may—despite his considered judgment—be of value, and that, in fact, he doubts (if ever so little) his own infallibility in selection? All of which, however, is not to say that the collection of variant readings is not a thing that can be vastly overdone.

NOTES ON SALES.

MESSRS. HODGSON sold, on July 20th, among certain books and autographs from the Locker-Lampson collection, a copy of the very rare play, *The Ile of Guls. As it hath been often playd in the blacke Figars, by the Children of the Revels. Written by John Day*. 4to. 1606. It was bought for £260 by Mr. Seymour de Ricci, who was acting for an American collector. This play has two issues of the first edition, and the present copy is the only recorded one bearing the imprint, "Printed for Iohn Trundle and are to be sold by Iohn Hodgets in Pauls Churchyard." The other issue has no mention of Trundle. This book was sold, as recently as 1882, for 5s. at Sotheby's, William Carew Hazlitt being the buyer. A full account of *The Ile of Guls* was given in the *Notes on Sales* in the *Times Literary Supplement* of August 3rd. By the way, I wish the learned and anonymous contributor of those notes would collect some of his essays—such as he writes when he devotes his whole

column to one subject—into a book. It would be a delightful and valuable work of reference.

THE Press has given a good deal of space to the diverting incident of a pamphlet selling at Sotheby's for £1210, within a few weeks of its being sold, in a bundle, "unhonoured and unsung," at the same auction rooms for about £1. The pamphlet in question was Shelley's *The Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*, 1810, and the copy was unopened, uncut and unbound. Not only was this rarity unnoticed on its first appearance in the auction room, but its then purchaser failed to recognise it, and sold it to another dealer for a comparatively small sum. Probably most of my readers saw the details of this happening in the papers at the end of July, so I will here do no more than briefly record it.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES.

THE last catalogue, number 426, issued by Messrs. Maggs Brothers, of 34 and 35 Conduit Street, W., is devoted to books and manuscripts on Old Medicine, Alchemy, Witchcraft, Pharmacy, Cookery and Tobacco—a combination that many people should find agreeable, for if you are poisoned by the old medicine, transmuted by the alchemy, and terror-struck by the witchcraft, you can turn to the cookery and tobacco for reinstatement in your normal condition of body and mind. The items are arranged chronologically, and the earliest is an octavo volume of manuscript receipts in physic and surgery, dating from the beginning of the fifteenth century. The receipts include those "For eny evil in ye eye," "To make heer to grow," "For to make clene ye face," "For to know a man when he be mesel or no," and "For ye cold goute or hot." The price of this manuscript is £105. The first printed book is the *Opus ruraliam commodorum* of Peter Crescentius, folio, printed at Augsburg by Johann Schuessler in 1471, for which £65 is asked; after this comes the *Tractatus de venenis* of Petrus de Abano, 4to, printed at Padua by Leonardus Achates in 1473, which is priced £31 10s. This catalogue contains some quite modern works, the most recent being the *Catalan Medical Bibliography*, 8vo, printed at Barcelona in 1918, and now offered by Messrs. Maggs for three guineas.

FROM Mr. James Tregaskis, of the Caxton Head, 66 Great Russell Street, W.C.1, comes his list number 858, which is illustrated with photographs of four fine bindings, bearing the arms of Joseph Murat as King of Naples, of Colbert, of Marie-Antoinette, and of Henry II. and Diane de Poitiers. The last-named is probably the work of Etienne Roffet, or Claude Picques, the royal binders of the period, and is priced £300. There are many other attractive books, of various kinds, in this catalogue.

MESSRS. J. & J. LEIGHTON LTD., of 40 Brewer Street, London, W.1, have published the third part of their current catalogue. This contains many illuminated and other manuscripts, Incunables and fine bindings. It has seventy illustrations, among them facsimiles of a large number of delightful early woodcuts. This is a catalogue which should be seen by all collectors of fifteenth and sixteenth century books, and it contains also many books of other periods.

IN list Number 100, which comes from Messrs. Robson & Co., of 7 Hanover Street, Regent Street, W.1, I notice, for the sum of £220, a presentation copy from Charles Dickens to Samuel Rogers of the first edition of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. The printed date of this book is 1846, but the inscription is dated December 18th, 1845.

"HOME" is the title given by Mr. Francis Edwards, of 83 High Street, Marylebone, W.1, to a catalogue (Number 433) of books on Architecture, Decoration, Costume, Furniture, Plate, Jewelry and the like. There are about 850 items, including many finely illustrated books. One of the reasons for which I like Mr. Edwards's lists is that, while he includes books of great monetary value (such, for instance, as Heideloff's *Gallery of Fashion*, 5 volumes, 4to, which is priced at £350), he does not scorn to catalogue many more humble works at half-a-crown and five shillings apiece.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES



The Royal Arms: a new design officially recommended for use in Government publications

A BLUE BOOK ON GOOD PRINTING

GOOD printing is sane printing; and sane printing is plain printing. That is the lesson taught by example and by printed examples even better than by precept in the remarkable Blue Book on type faces and type display for Government Printing which has lately issued from the Stationery Office. The Committee appointed some two years since to select the best faces of type and modes of type display for Government printing having regard to appearance, ease in reading, and economy, reports guardedly and tactfully that "the general standard of Government printing has not always been as high as it should be."

There can be little doubt that a well-printed book is not only more legible, but also more saleable than a book which is ill printed; and on general grounds Government printing in a country which can claim so many of the great printers of the past ought to be as good as possible consistently with economy. The Government should set the highest standard practicable in the various classes of its own productions and so help to improve the public taste. This should indeed be the natural corollary of the policy it has advisedly adopted in aiding and maintaining Schools of Arts and Crafts throughout the country, and in establishing the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, where printing and bookbinding are among the crafts represented.

After remarking upon the beneficent influence which the State printing presses of foreign nations had upon the commercial printing done in their several countries, the Report continues:

The Government is in a position to exercise a great influence for good upon the printing craft, partly by achieving a high standard in its own work and partly by requiring the same high standard in work put out to contract.

Borrowing in the main from Morris's famous "Note" on the aims of the Kelmscott Press, the Report considers some of the many factors which go to make a type face that is at once legible and simple :

The letters should be as simple in form as possible. They should be broad in the face rather than compressed, and should avoid both undue thickening and thinning of the serifs and strokes or of (*sic*) reducing the whites between them. The faces should be so proportioned that leading between the lines should not be necessary for legibility.

The Committee gives, with specimens of each, a "Schedule of Suitable Type Faces," handset, monotype or linotype, which they have approved as conforming to their canon. Some of the specimens, indeed, rather flagrantly violate it ; but the selection as a whole will serve as a useful guide to the printer in the choice of his founts, and these examples, shown in juxtaposition, should help our type-designers and typesetters to a better idea of what makes for good letter. In a later issue of THE LONDON MERCURY I hope to discuss the Committee's selection of approved types in more detail.

Besides discussing and showing type faces the Report lays down rules for margins, for setting tables of figures, and for title pages, the arrangement of which "should be as simple as may be." Some good examples of these simplified title pages are given. There is also a series of model Blue Book covers, beside each of which is pilloried the ugly and far less legible cover which the improved setting should supplant.

ASCENDING AND DESCENDING FIGURES

THE Report recommends that figures for tabular matter should be wider than those most in vogue : they should be of the width of two thick spaces, like some of those cast by Messrs. Shanks, instead of an "en" only, which is the usual width. The Committee would like to refer the whole question of the best figures to use for different kinds of tables to the Medical Research Council. I doubt whether such enquiry would be found to support the provisional recommendation of the Committee that "modern" figures, which all "ascend" like capital letters

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

are really more readable in tables than the older forms, of which some "ascend," others "descend," and others do neither :

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

The very differences between the several figures make them easier to distinguish and so make for clearness, just as words printed in lower case letters are easier to read than those printed in "ascending" capitals.

A NEW DESIGN FOR THE ROYAL ARMS

THE Committee recommends that the new form of the Royal Arms which is printed at the head of these Notes should replace that which has hitherto figured on our Blue Books. There is no question that the simpler form—it is shorn of mantling, helm and crest—makes a far better printer's ornament than the old. Our versatile Committee makes the new coat of arms an occasion for giving a useful hint on the scale of drawings for photographic reproduction. Since the coat of arms does not admit of small-scale reduction, it recommends that some other heraldic device, such as a lion and a portcullis ensigned by the Imperial crown, be substituted for the arms in smaller publications.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

CORRESPONDENCE

THE VICISSITUDES OF ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Mr. Henry Broadbent invites discussion of the following lines from stanza xiii of Browning's "One Word More":

"Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
Lines I write the first time and the last time.

He who writes, may write for once as I do."

He seems right in feeling that its somewhat unusual metre is not a satisfactory explanation of the passage. Such a suggestion has been made in an otherwise excellent edition of the poems, where the editor describes at some length the different effects produced by iambic and trochaic pentameters, and then "explains," "'He who writes, may write for once as I do'; i.e., in trochaic pentameters." But the point of the whole poem is thus lost. For this seems to me to be Browning's longing to do what he believes is the longing of every artist, namely, to use, "once, for One only" another language than that of his art—since this is his known and familiar means of expression to the world—to offer rather a special tribute, gracious in its unique reference to her, to the beloved. But, he says, though I, unlike Rafael and Dante, can use no other art than my verse, yet, just a "semblance of resource avails us," as you may see if you look at these lines, "lovingly and nearly." For my new departure here is to be personal and subjective, not, as usual, dramatic and objective. In this dedication I speak "this once in my true person" to you alone; whereas in the 50 poems it offers I spoke, through the mouths of the fifty men and women, to all men; but here, only you know

. . . "the lights and darks undreamed of
Where I hush and bless myself with silence."

Yours, etc.,

GWENDOLEN MURPHY

178, Birchanger Road, Woodside, S.E. 25, June 26th.

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In *re* J. St. Loe Strachey's article on "The Vicissitudes of Blank Verse," was it not Lewis Carroll, who "damned" the fatal fluency of Longfellow's "Hiawatha"? Mr. Strachey credits Calverly with "the delightful parody." If this delicious versifier did take a hand, his was certainly no more devastating than that disclosed by the author of "Alice" in "Hiawatha's Photographing," of which even the preface, though set in prose form, reflects the echolalia induced by over-indulgence in English short-lined blank verse trochaics. The Carroll gem is usually contained in editions of that somewhat unconsidered collection "Rhyme? and Reason?"—Very truly yours,

H. T. CRAVEN

Philadelphia, June 16th.

HA-HA!

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—We do not ventilate our opinions on the dates of great men's births, or the hours of departure of trains, without consulting the Dictionary of National Biography and Bradshaw. Why will not etymologists observe ordinary precautions? Neither the writer in the May LONDON MERCURY (whose remarks I have not seen) nor Mr. Jackson in the July number, seems to have gone behind Skeat. Reference to the Oxford Dictionary shows that the word is found in French in the seventeenth century, and that French etymologists accept the doctrine that it arose from an exclamation of surprise. This, perhaps, precludes the belief that an *Englishman* was the first victim; but the etymology,

so far from being a modern conjecture, is in all the English books on landscape gardening, and is reflected in the early spellings *Ah*, *Ah* and *Ha ! Ha !* The Oxford Dictionary notices no other derivation.—Yours, etc.,
R. W. CHAPMAN
The Clarendon Press, Oxford, July 13th, 1922.

IBSEN IN ENGLAND

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In the July LONDON MERCURY Mr. Yeats, in his "More Memories," gives an account of Florence Farr's season at the Avenue, but fails to mention the real cause of the disturbance on her first night. She had determined to do without an orchestra; this experiment was violently resented by the pit and gallery, who doubtless saw in it an economy which would deprive many worthy persons of their means of livelihood. This was so well understood at the time that Florence Farr gave up the experiment and reinstated the orchestra, with the result that her season ended without further rowdyism. I do not think there was any enmity for the authors or actors, but rather for the new departure of the management.

Mr. Yeats is in error in stating that *The Doll's House* was first played at the Royalty, Dean Street. It was at The Novelty, with Janet Achurch as "Nora."—Yours, etc.,
D. L. TODHUNTER
Orchardcroft, Bedford Park, W. 4, July 16th.

LORDS AND ITS LITERATURE.

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—If Mr. Alec Waugh omits to mention the name of Francis Thomson in connection with the poetical literature of cricket, another essayist, Mr. E. V. Lucas, has done full justice to the poet's association with the game. Perhaps the most delightful essay in Mr. Lucas's *One Day and Another* is that entitled "A Rhapsodist at Lords." The rhapsodist is Francis Thomson, who carried with him to London the enthusiasm which had made him, as a boy, a haunter of the Old Trafford ground. The poem of which your correspondent quotes the first line :

"It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk "
is given in full in Mr. Lucas's essay. He explains that Thomson had been invited to Lords to see Middlesex and Lancashire and had agreed to go, but as the time drew near he could not face the ordeal. Too many memories there ! A stanza of the poem born of this incident was printed in the *Athenæum*, and it is strange if the *Collected Poems* contain, as your correspondent states, no more than ten lines, because there are three other stanzas. I do not know if it is permissible to quote them, but they should be known to all lovers of cricket and poetry :

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
Though my own red roses there may blow ;
It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
Though the red roses crest the caps I know.
For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,
And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
And I look through my tears on a soundless clapping host
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
To and fro,
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago !

It is Glo'ster coming North, the irresistible
The shire of the Graces long ago !
It is Gloucestershire up North, the irresistible,
And new-arisen Lancashire the foe !

A shire so young it has scarce impressed its traces,
 Ah, how shall it stand before all resistless Graces ?
 O, little red rose, their bats are as maces,
 To beat thee down, this summer long ago !

This day of seventy-eight they are come up North against thee,
 This day of seventy-eight, long ago.
 The champion of the centuries he cometh up against thee,
 With his brethren, every one a famous foe !
 The long-whiskered Doctor, who laugheth rules to scorn,
 While the bowler, pitched against him, bans the day that he was born ;
 And G. F. with his science makes the fairest length forlorn,
 They are come from the West to work thee woe.

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
 Though my own red roses there may blow ;
 It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
 Though the red roses crest the caps I know.
 For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,
 And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
 And I look through my tears on a soundless clapping host,
 As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
 To and fro,
 O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago !

The match in question—to borrow from Mr. Lucas again—was played at Old Trafford on July 25th, 26th, and 27th in 1878, when the poet was eighteen. It was the first meeting of the Counties. Sixteen thousand people were present on the third day, drawn by the fame of the Graces, but it was Hornby and Barlow's match. The result was a draw, a little in favour of Lancashire. Barlow went right through the first innings, and in the second innings Hornby made 100 out of 156 while he was in. Through the genius of the poet, the fame of their deeds shall endure, like Sarpedon's memory, "ageless and immortal."

Two other pieces by Thomson are given by Mr. Lucas, one of them an imitation of Fitzgerald's "Omar," of which the following stanza may be quoted :

To-day a score of batsmen brings you say ?
 Yes, but where leaves the bats of yesterday ?
 And this same summer day that brings a Knight—
 May take the Grace and Ranjitsingh away.

Amongst other cricket poetry, I recall two amusing perversions of Walt. Whitman in "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine." One of them alludes, with incomparable felicity of phrase, to

The perfect feel of a fourer.

The other hints at a delicate situation which sometimes arises in the course of a match :

I see the rapport of wicket-keeper and umpire,
 I cannot see that I am out.
 Oh ! you umpires !

Mr. Wilfrid Blair applies the epic style to a description of a test match. The Cornstalks took the field, and

Followed them Fry and Hobbs, majestic pair,
 Clothed in white flannels, mystic, wonderful.

In the following perversion of Emerson, Mr. Andrew Lang sums up the philosophy of the game :

If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
 Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
 They know not, poor misguided souls,
 They, too, shall perish unconsolated.

I am the batsman and the bat,
 I am the bowler and the ball,
 The umpire, the pavilion cat,
 The roller, pitch and stumps and all.

The materials for an anthology of cricket poetry are not so scanty as might be supposed.
 I am, Sir, yours obediently, P. R.

DEAR AND MY DEAR.

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In your review of Mr. H. L. Mencken's book "The American Language," you rightly question the statement that "in English usage *My dear* is more formal than *Dear*." Probably this was merely a slip, and Mr. Mencken meant to write the opposite; for this is the American usage, and in the passage in which it is instanced he was pointing out differences. But it was not until I read Mr. Mencken's book in America last year that I realised that there was this difference, and that *My dear*, which had struck me as effusive coming from strangers, was the formal American address, and that *Dear*, which had seemed slightly chilling from intimate friends, was the warmer of the two. It is to be observed that our usage must have precisely the same effect upon Americans.

But there is a further curiosity to be noticed. You say: "The English are much more reserved in their formulas than the Americans." I am not sure that this is so. It is not proved by this particular convention. At first sight *My dear* is obviously more possessive and intimate than *Dear*; and so we consider it at the beginning of a letter. But how about the middle? and how does it sound when the words are spoken and not written? "You are right, dear George," strikes a warmer note than, "You are right, my dear George." The *dear* here is affectionate—more so than *My dear* at the beginning of a letter. If the Americans take it like that in either position, their usage is more consistent than ours.—

Yours, etc., ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Abbots Lodge, Yoxford, Suffolk, August 4th, 1922.

THE WIT OF HISTORY.

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—The author of an article entitled "Punch and Judy" in your last issue gives fresh currency to one of the most popular of (pseudo-) historical *bon mots*.

"Madame de Sévigné," he tells us, remarks in one of her famous letters that Racine will go out of fashion, like a popular beverage of the time:

"Racine passera comme le café."

It was pointed out by M. Ed. Fournier some sixty years ago (and repeated in a humble contribution of my own in 1895) that the Marquise said nothing of the kind. "Racine writes" (she wrote in 1672) "*for La Champ Mesle* (the famous actress), *not for the generations to come*." And four years later she observes to the unsympathetic daughter, "*So you have given up coffee? So has Mademoiselle de Mere*."

Eighty years later Voltaire runs the two phrases into one:

"Madame de S. always held that Racine would not go far. She judged of him as of coffee, of which, she used to say, people would soon get tired." Upon these preparations La Harpe, conventional dramatist and popular lecturer, proceeds at once to coin a phrase (clearly not dead yet), and at least illustrates the genesis of one of the spurious "good things" of history.—Yours, etc.,

Savile Club.

G. H. POWELL

[Many letters are held over to the next number.—EDITOR.]

A LETTER FROM ITALY

Florence

MUCH might be said against the dramatist Luigi Pirandello; but at least he has introduced or tried to introduce to the stage a new point of view.

An ordinary play presupposes persons ; defined characters built up with vigorous logic ; coherent in every action. As a drama is a representation of life caught in a critical moment, its intensity and concentration being assumed as typical, so a person is a representation of a man considered from the point of view of some particular uniformity in his manner of feeling and acting. He is a character ; an intellectual abstraction ; a summary approximation but a workable convention. A person has really a life *sui generis*, distinguished by precise characteristics, thanks to which he is always recognisable : but actual men who live day after day are not thus. Their reality, changing from day to day, exists in their perpetual mutation and transformation, they change before the eyes. It is the old dissidence between the two different modes of reality, Democritus' and Plato's. To perception there corresponds a relative, changing and temporary reality ; to contemplation, one that is immutable, absolute, everlasting.

Luigi Pirandello thought his assertion of the dissidence an original discovery. Had he been a philosopher he would have known better, and not merely asserted it, but tried to transcend it : but being an artist he has remained in front of the dissidence, impressed and moved by it ; being a dramatist he has used it as a lever to overthrow the traditional convention of the theatre. A dramatist commonly aims to construct persons ; to select among the various and often discordant gifts of life certain salient lines, and therefrom to compose characters. But Pirandello takes to pieces the abstractions which are called characters ; he places the fictions called persons in contact with life, so that their illusory reality dissolves as the magic image of Florimel vanished into night when put beside the real (*Faerie Queen* 5.3.24). The traditional dramatist does all possible to make his puppets resemble living creatures ; Pirandello, to make them appear as puppets, and thus he turns theatrical esthetic upside down.

Not only on the stage, he thinks, are persons encountered ; but in real life every day. Each of us in life plays a part ; models himself on an idea, a type, to which logic seeks to make his actions conform, attributing to himself a fictitious reality, according to which he pretends to be judged by others and himself as well ; he wears a mask. But behind this person, this mask, there moves the real being, incomprehensible, illogical, moved by discordant feelings and passions ; without unity and continuity, and nameless.

Without its point of reference in this fictitious reality what would an individual be like ? Because human reason cannot discern in life any destined, clear and determinate aim, if it is not to grope in the void, it must assume one, fictitious, illusory, high or low ; it does not matter what, since in any case it cannot be the true life-purpose which all seek eagerly, and, perhaps because it does not exist, in vain ; what is necessary is to attach importance to some object ; which, however useless, will be as valuable as one that is deemed important ; the thing is to find the support of an idea, and fasten oneself to it. Thus to make oneself a person, to assume a fictitious reality, is a necessity for men. It is the survival-instinct that makes

us unconsciously turn the eye from vacancy, from the nothing of the perpetual flux of life's reality.

But trouble begins when a man begins to be acquainted with this spontaneous and interior artificiality, when, according to Pirandello's frequent metaphor, "he looks in the mirror," and besides living, sees himself living. Then the fictitious reality tumbles like a house of cards. Pirandello's conclusion follows that consciousness of life is death; and in this contrast the drama of his persons consists: on one side the person conscious of being such, a mechanical puppet laughable in its impotence, on the other, life multiform, confused, incomprehensible. In becoming conscious of himself and his artificiality, in looking at the mirror, the person has cut the bridge that united him with life, and shut his self out beyond return.

To make this irreconcilable dissidence between the two diverse modes of reality tangible, Pirandello has chosen extreme and paradoxical situations; and these form the most obvious side of his art; on these public and critic are wont to judge him: but they are only outside trappings, that allow him to formulate in every tragedy the drama of his passions. But the theatre public is interested exclusively in plot. It remembers that drama is primarily action, and one understands how Pirandello, judged from the point of view of plot and action, has got the reputation for inhuman and incomprehensible oddity.

Pirandello was born at Girgenti fifty-five years ago, and before attempting the stage he had tried in stories and novels to give expression to the dissidence which now forms the nucleus of his art. He formulated it nearly twenty years ago in his novel *Il fu Mattia Pascal*. You might imagine he would choose his protagonist among the scientists, philosophers, rulers, for an intellect adequate to work out the grave problem. But no: herein lies his originality and freedom from pedantry. He lays his problem on the shoulders of a man less than mediocre. Mattia Pascal, a thoughtless native of a small town, behaves in early life so recklessly that it becomes necessary for him suddenly to escape his surroundings. In normal life he would have cleared out, and so he did, but that in his absence an unrecognisable corpse was fished out from a mill-sludge. His family, having no news of him, recognise the body as his. This mistake becomes known to him through the papers. At first he thinks of rushing home and denying it. But then he has a flash of genius. Are they glad of his death, he wonders? He will find out for sure; change name and appearance, be born again as another person, and begin a new life. Then the problem of personality is presented to him in a corporeal and tangible manner. What we all do unconsciously, adapt ourselves to this or that fictitious person, Pascal does of set purpose. But he is at once confronted by the mirror of himself, conscious of the imposition of a fictitious reality, and "consciousness is death." He has broken the spell which bound him to life, he is across the river and cannot find how to step back. Naturally his tragical dissidence appears to him in intense forms, but these suggest the profound significance of the story half symbolically, as in Chamisso's celebrated *Peter Schlemihl* a more hidden meaning lay in the man losing his shadow (a story which Pirandello knows, having quoted it at the end of his essay on *Umoreismo*), the man who no longer calls himself Mattia Pascal finds himself groping in the void. He is a fish out of water, knowing at once what to be a fish means, and no longer able to live. To return to life he must cease consciously to represent a determinate person, and reacquire his former name and clear up the misunderstanding of his presumed death.

The same dissidence appears in diverse forms, and very odd circumstances, in Pirandello's plays, complicated by an analogous motif. For beside our fashioning ourselves in our sight and the world's according to a fictitious picture, other people

classify us according to the equally false picture which they have of us ; and woe betide him who tries amid these pictures to discern truth. So in *Così è, come pare*, Signor Poza and his mother-in-law, Signora Frola, both call each other mad ; which is lying ? The district is thrown into confusion by the queer dilemma. How to discover the truth ? Truth will issue from Poza's wife's mouth ; ask her. So, being asked, she answers " To others I am what they believe me to be. To myself, no one," and the curtain is " Thus gentlemen, the truth is discovered."

Several of Pirandello's works involve these motives. But in *Six persons in search of an author, a comedy of action*, acted last year, he has attempted their concentration in an impressive and tragic vision. The whole set out of this play is original and odd. The spectators as they enter the theatre find the curtain raised, and the stage void of wings and scenery, as if ready for a rehearsal. A stage manager enters followed by actors, and he is beginning to arrange for the rehearsal of a play by Pirandello himself, when six persons are announced having urgent business with him. These six have together had a terrible experience, and wish now to fix it for ever immortally in the world of art. They therefore seek an author who will listen to them and compose a play from their monologues. So these six are before the mirror, watching themselves live. They see themselves as persons ; and the dissidence is manifest. Each has envisaged the character of the others according to his own interpretation of a moment of his own life ; and furthermore the actors, when they attempt to imitate the scenes which the six have lived through, and now reconstruct before them, give them their own interpretation, which is entirely different. The various fictitious realities thus stripped naked, contrast irreconcilably. The experience of the six is irreproducible. Life became a stage to them the moment they became conscious of their parts, and considered themselves as persons, and when towards the end life bursts forth anew, onrushing incontrollable, its actuality drags them in, and their consciousness vanishes.

I have tried to provide a skeleton key to Pirandello's work, but this last one is the most valuable, because his creations are not cold distilled abstractions, but really speak and suggest. His art presents a complexity and lifelikeness that formalism would try to achieve in vain. Their lack of pedantry distinguishes them completely from the so-called grotesques—our ordinary term for plays wherein plot and all are fantastic and downright absurd, and life appears deformed through the lens of a more or less banal allegory ; to liken his plays to the grotesques of Rosso di San Secondo, or Luigi Antonelli is unjust, though even our best theatrical critics are doing it. Even Silvio Antonelli himself tends that way in his excellent book *Il teatro dei Fantocci*, which I recommend to English readers who wish for a close view of the Italian theatre and its problems.

MARIO PRAZ

A LETTER FROM THE LOW COUNTRIES

Antwerp

THIS letter will be about poets. To begin with, I am glad to salute a new Dutch poet, and to congratulate him on his first book of verse. It is rare, nowadays, to meet with a young artist who is not a slave of a system or a fashion, a member of a school or a movement, or simply a humbug.

I do not know anything about Mr. J. O. Bloem. I only know his poems published under the title *Het Verlangen* (Van Kampen, Amsterdam, 1921). The translation of this word by *longing* or *craving* is unsatisfactory in this case, because to Mr. Bloem it means all that and more. Its meaning is nearest to the German *Sehnen*. If Mr. Bloem could soar and plane on the wings of impalpable longing like a skylark or like Shelley, he would be a genius. But this excellent Dutch poet is fettered to earth : he sees the radiant blue sky, and can imagine what it must be to swim in the silent ether, but he remains, like a poor suffering soul, amidst the storm and the turmoil. "Imprisoned within the ever narrowing circles to which severe life limits me, I feel the words rising to my lips, but the words remain songless for him who desires too much," he says in *The Mirror*. There lies that feeling of powerlessness familiar to many good poets. And even love cannot lift him beyond the earthliness of sensuality : "His (*i.e.*, Night's) pity taught them those kisses, which the poor possess as their part : one surrender, one complete quenching, till a sob of delight stifles in the throat." (*At Night.*) The poet's passionate sorrow and passionless melancholy are not egoistic. The melodious singing of his own sufferings has not made him hard to others ; he is rather in sympathy with those who, he thinks, bend under the same burden of a joyless life.

The Belgian Government has several ways of encouraging the fine arts and letters, and for the latter there is, among others, a triennial prize for Flemish books of poetry or fiction. Because of the war the jury had to consider the volumes published between 1910 and 1917, thus covering a double period. One of our most talented essayists, M. Arthur H. Cornette, in his quality of secretary of the jury, has written a very remarkable report, which announces the award of the two prizes to Cyriel Buysse, the novelist, and Karel van de Woestijne, the poet. A better choice could not have been made. As I intend to speak this time of poets only, I shall introduce M. Buysse in another letter.

I am at a loss how to characterise van de Woestijne, this most sensual and yet most profound poet, without citing verses and prose from all his books. And yet it has to be done, because no man knows all the expressions of great poetry in the world's literature of to-day if Karel van de Woestijne remain unknown to him. But we who know are not much wiser ; all the "studies" and "essays" about his work prove that fact : they are unsatisfactory. Van de Woestijne seems to be aware of the existence of sensual love only, but he is conscious of the bitter savour lust leaves, and suffers because of that bitterness, suffers because of the incompatibility of spirit and flesh—and he writes in these moods. There is neither frivolity nor wildness in his verse, and the echo of luxuriousness, which sometimes swells in it, has the tragic sound of a lament. The verses of this poet are of an uncommon plasticity ; the words seem heavy and are deep of tune ; they run smoothly on, with rare and striking

alliterations, so that the shorter lines seem long, and the longer a psalmody full of manly emotion, to which one listens with awe and pity. After a period of three or four broad lines, a shorter verse very often follows, as if to pause and meditate, and calm the listener for a moment, and then again grip him and strain his emotions. There is in them a warm splendour without brilliancy, like that of rich fruit or dull gold. After each poem, one thinks the last and best has been said, yet there always follows another and a better. His most recent book of verse, *De modderen Man*, literally "the muddy man," is the first part of a trilogy, *The Light of the Horizons*, in which he intends to study successively the sensual, spiritual and mystic man in himself. This first book is a masterpiece and stands far above his former works; here we find the poet at his best. The first poems form a love-song of strange beauty, where the soul seems to tell of the senses: the eternal dissimilarity of man and woman, the gratefulness that becomes a pain to the senses, the limitedness of the latter's joy and the immensity of the soul's craving. Though old, all this is ever young and new in the hands of the great poets and in van de Woestijne's. Among the second group of poems in this book are a few elegies to the memory of Jean Moréas, finer than anything that distinguished poet ever wrote himself. The book closes on one of the most beautiful and painful poems I know in any language; and it is the more wonderful as it is composed on a much-sung theme:

When I shall die (O smile for the fear
And the eager wish, that I should die at last !)
Then take this painful book and read these verses,
In which I disparage you, O woman !

I wish I had the power to translate this poem, and show you how this great poet shrives himself to his wife like the most miserable and abject of men, still conscious of his power and his superiority in his shortcomings. I could then show, too, how powerful and impressive the same words and phrases remain in his language, which is relatively poor and where they often recur.

With M. Max Elskamp, the illustrious French-Belgian poet, we leave sorrow and struggle behind, to ascend the ivory tower of serenity. No severity, no harshness, no coldness; the atmosphere is mild and enveloping, the voice is earnest and mellow and, though not addressing you, speaks of kindness and comfort; we find ourselves in a vale of rest, a harbour of refuge.

These and many more impressions gently crowd upon you when you come into and are in the presence of the man Max Elskamp. He lives retired and lonely in his big, patrician home, because he is a physical sufferer, and does not want to discourage his friends by his moroseness, nor disgust them of life by showing the tortures he endures. He rarely mingles with the busy life of Antwerp town and harbour, though he likes it so much. He finds strength and comfort in study, and has there acquired that divine serenity which characterises his poetry, even in its little enthusiasms and its reproachless melancholy. He is much interested in folklore, and did much towards founding the Antwerp Museum of Folklore. From this fact and from the misunderstanding of some of his poems (*Dominical, Salutations dont d'angéliques, Six chansons de pauvre homme, La Louange de la Vie*) some people have deduced that M. Elskamp is a popular poet. Nothing is less true. He understands the people, their wants and their pains and their joys, and sympathises with them, because he is human and humane; but when he transposes them into poetry, it is not to comfort or to amuse them, it is simply because he is a poet, and he does it in his own, rather abstract and lofty manner, which keeps him aloof from the masses. And it is silly to call him

" of the people " because he prints some of his poems himself on a hand-press and illustrates them with his own archaic woodcuts. He is, in his way, a poet and an artist, like the founder of the Kelmescott Press, but he is not a sociologist like William Morris. And his studies in philosophy, necromancy, and comparative religion (he calls himself a Buddhist) have not brought him nearer to the people. His real life seems to be in the past ; if I may quote Musset : " Il est venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux." He is out of tune with modern life. His curiously archaic spirit inspires him to do " primitive " work, which has, thanks to his accomplished art, the freshness of a Van Eyck picture :

Marie, épandez vos cheveux,
Voici rire les anges bleus
Et dans vos bras Jésus qui bouge,
Avec ses pieds et ses mains rouges,
Et puis encore les anges blonds,
Jouant de tous leurs violons.

His last book, just out now, *Chansons désabusées*, in a gorgeous edition (G. van Oest ; Brussels, printed by J. E. Buschmann, Antwerp ; 25 frcs.), is more personal than any of his former work. Here, more than anywhere, he seems to be aloof : " isolated, steep, and inaccessible like Mount Cervin," one of his critics wrote ; but that is only apparent to the unfamiliar or superficial reader. Elskamp is *désabusé*, but his disenchantment is not a calamity, it has not made him lose his serenity, his tenderness ; his melancholy never grows to despair ; he has only become wiser, almost fatalistic, somewhat wary, though extremely enlightening and affectionate ; and, like the other books, this one is full of courage, and even of comfort. One of the most typical poems of the volume (I do not say one of the best, because choice is difficult where art is perfect) is a paraphrase on a *pensée* of Pascal's, beginning thus :

Mon Dieu, serait-il vrai
Qu'enfer soit feux et flammes,
Et qu'y aillent nos âmes
Brûler, pour expier
Les péchés, las ! commis
Dans le cours de la vie,
Où l'on est qu'un épi
Sous de grands vents, qui plie ?

Are not these verses simple, moving and beautiful like the sonnets of *Sagesse* ?

If M. Max Elskamp is hardly noticed in his native town, which is essentially Flemish, each new work of his is hailed in the literary circles of France and Belgium. I know he has three other volumes of poems ready by now.

LEO VAN RIEL

CHRONICLES

ARCHITECTURE

BUILDINGS BAD AND GOOD.

AFTER reading again my article on the County Hall, a building which is definitely good architecture, I feel that some readers may think that its intention was to belittle the achievement of the architect. It might be held that because buildings like Barclay's Bank at the bottom of the Haymarket and the Regent Palace Hotel are passed over without comment they are not bad, while those which I choose for consideration have many faults. This thought can hardly be general. But lest some should mistake my effort to study the best works of modern architecture in these pages for an attempt to make them seem of little value, let me say that it is really far more difficult to discuss bad pieces than it is to analyse what is good.

The study of new buildings, as of old ones, has a very definite object ; that is, the desire to see and understand what leads to failure, whether of the whole or part, so that both architect and layman may better avoid the causes which bring about such results. It is not pretended that any writings, even if the judgment expressed in them were faultless, will in themselves have this effect. But it may well be held that all sincere criticism does help towards a keener appreciation of what is good.

There are many signs of a growing interest in architecture—the formation of the Architecture Club is a concrete example of this—and a thoughtful appreciation of the merits of a building, whether it is good or bad, by whomsoever made, must add to our understanding of the whole subject.

Bad buildings tend to be left unconsidered, to be neglected as though they did not exist, or at least be written off in one brief sentence. The critic does not like appearing unkind, but in writing of such work, to some at least, he must seem so. With this explanation, which is something in the nature of an apology, I am going to devote this article to Messrs. Lyons' Corner House in the Strand and to the bank named above. Therefore using the trade cry of bricklayers—careful for those on the ground beneath them—I would warn the nervous reader to stand clear by calling, "BELOW." Thus cautioned, it is not my fault if dirt and brickbats falling from my swaying scaffold do him damage.

LYONS' CORNER HOUSE.

THE position of this building and its arrangement on the site call for little comment. I do not know whether the upper storeys are set back because the south side of the Strand will some day be built up to this line, or because the architect wished to rid his plan of an acute angle which would look unpleasant both from within and without. Whatever the reason, this arrangement is good, and should be noted.

Architecture in a growing town, where the individuality of the streets changes in a comparatively short time, is subject to many difficulties. For trade purposes the owner wishes his building to be different, even aggressively different, from its neighbours. Economic necessity compels an ever increasing height. Unless these two influences are met by by-laws which force some recognition of the standard set by the best of the existing buildings near by, these two causes alone are powerful

enough to destroy the harmony of a fine street, just as Regent Street is now being spoiled. There are dangers, also, even when control like that indicated here is in force, and an example of this will be referred to later in this article ; but on the whole it seems time that some such powers should be centred in the public authorities.

Londoners are becoming accustomed to associate that particular kind of terracotta which has a white glazed surface—known sometimes as an egg-shell glaze—with the useful feeding houses of Messrs. Joseph Lyons & Co. This very fact is in some sense a convenience ; but it tends to disturb further whatever unity of design the streets possess in which they stand. The above sentences indicate the beginnings of the difficulties in which architects are placed, and those who are critically inclined should remember them. Public control would not of necessity produce fine architecture ; neither does the desire to make a particular street front stand out distinct from others always result in vulgarity and ugliness. The material chosen for the particular building under consideration, and for its counterparts elsewhere, is not in itself bad. The resulting colour is not monotonously uniform ; the surface can readily be cleaned and it permanently resists the attack of the foul air of towns. The reason, then, why this front is bad is not because of the material of which its external face is made, nor is it because of its general mass form ; both might have been the same, while yet the building was a fine work of art. Rather is it bad because its natural proportions—that is, the relation of window opening to wall surface—are not allowed to tell, but are confused and made hard to recognise by a great variety of architectural “ enrichment.” There is an old phrase with which architects were wont to condemn the designer of a front like this, and it is not altogether inappropriate here : “ He has put into it everything he knew.” Even at the risk of making a list of words as long as those used by Rabelais in his works, I would enumerate some of the features which appear. Ovals, squares, domes, key-blocks, columns, raised panels, pediments, square heads, architraves, cartouches, lamp-brackets, arches, balcony rails, string courses, aprons, cornices, consoles, swags, sunk panels, trusses, curved pediments, scrolls, dentils, broken pediments and modillions appear in different forms upon the face of this building. It would not seem that they are applied because they are beautiful or needed, but to give the careless public an impression of grandeur in the place where it takes its meals. Nowhere, I believe, is a plain square angle left untouched. True forms are spoiled. Mouldings are added, not because they beautify, but because there is a precedent for using them. The terracotta is treated as though it were stone. It is a material well suited to modelling, but a properly modelled surface is nowhere seen. It can bear coloured panels rich as was Della Robbia ware or that made by Mr. Stabler at the present day, but this opportunity is not taken.

BARCLAY'S BANK IN PALL MALL EAST.

ANOTHER poor building is Barclay's new bank in Pall Mall East. This looks as though it had been designed in the same spirit as the Corner House, though with less obvious effort for display. Although it is of Portland stone, it no more expresses the essential character of its material than does the Corner House terracotta. Were the materials exchanged, neither building would gain or lose, both would still stand examples of how little the worth of these materials has been appreciated. A slight sketch of this building, leaving out all but its essential features enables one to realise that it might have been very fair work ; for here again the decoration is applied by rote and not because it either perfects the form or adds

emphasis to the principal idea of the design. If the reader happens to pass from Trafalgar Square into Pall Mall, let him stand at the base of the statue of King George III and look from this new bank to the building of the Grand Trunk Railway opposite. The latter is by Sir Aston Webb, and certainly represents a genuine attempt to master the difficulties of an architect whose clients demand that the result shall help the publicity department of their firm. The street front is good, in spite of the two weak-looking arches that mar the ground floor. Sir Aston Webb has not used all the forms which occur in the architecture of the renaissance. He does not put architraves to all his windows, but successfully moulds the arrises of those of the second and third floors. There are many good features. The windows below the main cornice are well arranged ; the cornice itself dies into the flat-moulded margin of the whole. The building is free from convention and relies on its different storeys for its "proportion." There is no suggestion of an attempted originality. It is about it something of the hardness that is often associated with a highly organised department ; the quality of its surface is commonplace ; yet it is a good building deserving the attention of those interested in the subject.

WATERLOO PLACE AND COX'S BANK.

I DO not know how far Mr. E. Keynes Purchase is responsible for the elevations of the new premises designed by him for Cox's Bank. It is certain that the officers of the Crown, on whose land it stands, made regulations to ensure that Waterloo Place should be uniformly balanced. In that they have succeeded, but if they and not Mr. Purchase are responsible for the design, they have also succeeded in creating dullness that is the more marked while any of Nash's work remains, as indeed it yet does on the west side.

The architectural forms of the renaissance are here forced to conform to the needs of modern offices ; on the other hand, in the eighteenth century the form of the rooms within and their windows were made subservient to a fine architectural scene painting without. The result of the compromise attempted here has produced buildings whose appearance is dull.

THE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, SOHO SQUARE.

MESSRS. PERCY ADAMS & HOLDEN'S buildings are so characteristic of them, though they have no feature that might not have been designed by anyone, that it was no surprise to me to learn that this hospital is by them. Here white glazed terra-cotta is properly used. The building is worth close examination. It consists of three blocks of different heights bound into one by a continuous ground stage. The reason for differing heights is not clear. It is possibly due to the fact that the new building replaces three distinct houses, and that the architects had to conform to their general outline to avoid trespassing on rights of ancient light. The work of Mr. Percy Adams and his partner is always very good, and here they have had to meet more than the usual difficulties which confront an architect. Of particular excellence are the first floor balconies, the dentil course below, and the bold bay windows. It may be held that the plastered surfaces would have been more interesting had they been less mechanical, and, further, they might have been pleasanter to look at had they been treated with limewash. Neither of these operations would have increased the cost materially, a consideration which evidently in this case needed the closest attention. Should any reader be in this neighbourhood he will find it worth while to enter the clean hall and see the simple but delightful tiling which covers its walls.

A. R. POWYS

POETRY

GIPSY-NIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. By RICHARD HUGHES. Golden Cockerel Press. 4s. 6d. net.

BRIEF DIVERSIONS. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Cambridge : Bowes & Bowes. 3s. 6d.

A LONG SPOON AND THE DEVIL. By HENRY SAVAGE. Cecil Palmer. 6s.

POEMS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES COTTON. Newly decorated by CLAUD LOVAT FRASER. The Poetry Bookshop. 5s.

MR. HUGHES knows what he wants to do. In a prefatory note he discusses Mr. Graves's view of poetry as a product of emotional deadlocks. He observes that "as well as being a neurotic animal, Man is a Communicative Animal, and a Pattern-making Animal : that poetry cannot be traced simply to a sort of automatic psycho-therapy, but that these and many other causes are co-responsible." This little preface alone, did one know nothing more of Mr. Hughes, would be sufficient evidence of the presence of an independent and interesting mind. His intellect, as a fact, is at work in all his poems. The later verses, of which some have appeared in our own columns, are the best. There is matter in them all, observation and feeling, discrimination as to character, a passion for Nature (especially in its wilder manifestations) and for the human conflict. Where they are defective is, sometimes, in regard to clarity, and often in regard to euphony. Mr. Hughes has a liking for crabbed lines, and his ear often seems to abdicate its functions when he is composing. He gets a jolly straightforward jingle in his humorous poems ; when more serious he too frequently contrives to write lines which are completely devoid of rhythmical quality. Sometimes he obviously suffers from trying to cram too much into too small a space ; a pardonable error and better than writing thinly, but one that robs his reader of delight. *Vagrancy*, *Gratitude*, and a few more, however, are good enough to justify his book.

The volume contains a portrait of the author by Pamela Bianco. Miss Bianco is a very gifted artist, but that is no reason why she should make Mr. Hughes look like a blotchy Apache whose face would earn him a life-sentence in any Court of Justice.

Mr. Priestley's tales are charming, but he will improve on them ; some of his parodies could not be better. He does not go over the old ground ; his subjects are all moderns, and include Mr. James Stephens, *Æ*, and the author of *Trivia*, none of whom, so far as I know, has been parodied before. The *Æ* is a masterpiece, and nothing could be better than the pomp and ceremony on Sir W. Watson's lines on receiving an *édition de luxe* of the late Mrs. Wilcox :

. . . Thy guerdon ? Nay, not Tupper's beaten gold,
Nor Mistress Hemans, that white garden rose
Of song, nor Bulwer Lytton's mystic peaks
Of thought, nor Morris (Lewis of that name)
With all his large discourse and epic strain,
Shall move us more in the dark days to come.

"*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*," as it might have been written by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, has a taking opening :

Snavel : O what can ail you, Blogg ? These days you sit
Here with your pint as mum as a dead rat,
And sick-faced, too.

Other successes are the travesties of the verse of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Noyes, and the prose of Professors Saintsbury and Quiller-Couch. But perhaps Mr. Priestley's colliest idea is a "Biographical Drama, *Bubb Dodington*, not yet written by Mr. John Drinkwater." He supplies the introduction by two Chronicles. The volume ends with some good epigrams, and, as a whole, is evidently the work of a first-rate critical mind.

Mr. Savage is also a parodist. It is rather late in the day to parody *Spoon River Anthology* in this country; it never was widely read, and its little stir is over. Mr. Savage's readers may not all of them see the point of some of his epitaphs. He is justified in saying:

You are not the only pebble on the beach, my dear Edgar,
Not by a long peb.
And besides, it's so damnably easy!

A little too easy perhaps, for the parodist as well as for his original. But he is frequently amusing, and full of topical allusions. The book is charmingly produced.

The Poetry Bookshop is to be congratulated on its beautiful little edition of a selection from Cotton. A full critical account of Cotton by Mr. John Beresford was published in these columns some months ago. He was a versatile man, and if his shorter poems have been underrated the neglect has been extended to everything he did. His short poems are a bridge between the Elizabethan and the Restoration lyric. Their qualities were just those which might have been expected to appeal to Lovat Fraser—who was a haunter of old bookshops and widely read in poetry—and he expended great love and care on their decorations to this selection, which he himself made. There are nearly a hundred of them, and together they make the most charming of all the books he produced. The daily Press is always saying that this, that or the other book would make a delightful present; but there is no phrase which could be more aptly applied to this one.

J. C. S.

THE CLASSICS

HERODAS : THE MIMES AND FRAGMENTS. With Notes by WALTER HEADLAM. Edited by A. D. KNOX. [With a translation.] Cambridge University Press. 63s.

THE LOEB LIBRARY : QUINTILIAN. Vols. III and IV. By H. E. BUTLER. SCRIPTORES HISTORIÆ AUGUSTÆ. Vol. I. By DAVID MAGIE. PHILOSTRATUS AND EUNAPIUS, THE LIVES OF THE SOPHISTS. By WILMER C. WRIGHT. LYRA GRÆCA. Vol. I. By J. M. EDMONDS. Each 10s. Heinemann.

VERGIL : A BIOGRAPHY. By TENNEY FRANK. Oxford : Blackwell. 7s. 6d.

ARISTOTLE : DE CAELO, translated by J. L. STOCKS. DE GENERATIONE ET CORRUPTIONE, translated by H. H. JOACHIM. Oxford : Clarendon Press. 10s.

BRYN MAWR NOTES AND MONOGRAPHS. I. THE ESTHETIC BASIS OF GREEK ART OF THE FIFTH AND FOURTH CENTURIES B.C. By Professor RHYS CARPENTER. Longmans. 1 dollar 50.

THE GROWTH OF ROME. By P. E. MATHESON. Oxford University Press 2s. 6d.

ANCIENT GREECE : A STUDY. By STANLEY CASSON. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

THE ROMAN FATE : AN ESSAY IN INTERPRETATION. By W. E. HEITLAND. Cambridge University Press. 3s.

THE WRATH OF ACHILLEUS. Translated from the *Iliad* into Quantitative Hexameters. By GEORGE ERNLE. H. Milford. 10s.

THE large edition of *Herodas : The Mimes and Fragments* due to Walter Headlam and Mr. Knox is a monument of British scholarship. Headlam was a Grecian of immense learning, and Mr. Knox completes his Notes with a similar erudition. Everything is explained and supported by citations at length, often from authors whom no average classical scholar reads. This part of the book will seem occasionally overloaded to the expert, but the new edition of Liddell & Scott may profit, and after all, Herodas is really a difficult author who needs ample notes. The Introduction, which has been patched up out of various bits of Headlam's work, needs attention to make it complete. Nothing is said of the year or place in which the papyrus was found, or the means of settling where another speaker begins. The facsimile page is useful, but not decisive on this point. On the reasonable limits of emendation Mr. Knox has some acute comments. No one with Rutherford's tentative text of 1891 before him can fail to see the immense advance made by this edition. Whole passages have been recovered and explained ; allusions have been cleared up and at last we have the *Mimes* in a form in which we can appreciate them. They show human nature, especially in woman, with an unpleasant frankness which should appeal to the twentieth century. Herodas does not shun coarseness, though he does not give the impression that he enjoys it. Partly he deals with types which had become familiar from the work of Sophron and others, but there is also his own touch of realism, combined with the Alexandrian love of saying a thing in an unusual way. He writes no poetry, like Theocritus, but he has studied manners and tempers in the freer Alexandrian age, when Egypt was a land of pleasures at which

a Spartan would have shuddered, husbands a necessary evil, and slaves creatures to be perpetually bullied and abused. These are certainly not "family pictures." They open with an aged procuress who, like Pope's and Hogarth's Mother Needham, was "very religious in her way." The *Breakfast Party* and the *Factory Girls* are tantalising fragments. The *Dream* has now been mended into a substantial piece. Herodas concludes from it that he will get great fame for his verses with the limping foot at the end. At least he has got great attention from scholars, and a good translation into English by Mr. Knox.

The Loeb Library continues to publish work a little outside the common range, and often the authors deserve to be better known, but have not been available in so neat and convenient a form. Professor Butler's continuation of his *Quintilian* strengthens the conviction that he was an admirable critic with merits far exceeding his prejudices. The *Historia Augusta* is the kind of authority frequently used, but seldom read. How far it is trustworthy is the great question which Mr. Magie considers with the promise of more in the second volume. For my own part, I am inclined to believe in tradition more than some objectors. What is said of the Roman emperors is at least the sort of thing that was likely to be believed. The *Lives of the Sophists* recall a curious time in the second and third Christian centuries, when professors were social leaders, food-controllers, potent politicians and high priests. It is not to be expected again, for elaborate eloquence is out of date, though the Prime Minister was recently reported to be studying the classics. The *Lyra Græca* of Mr. Edmonds is a real benefit to readers who have had to be content with meagre texts like the Teubner *Anthologia Lyrica*. Not only are all Sappho and Alcæus here, but the passages in which they are mentioned are collected, and fragments are given in their setting in Athenæus or elsewhere. Mr. Edmonds has also cleverly reconstructed faulty places. I only wish that he had summarised his own judgment on Sappho. Perhaps he will develop some day his paper of 1912 on the subject.

A Life of Vergil is a novelty, and has to depend largely on probabilities. Professor Frank has worked out the available material in an attractive style. His study is a result of the methods of research begun, I think, in Germany. When, however, he writes of "the credulous and neurotic decades of the second and third centuries" he lays himself open to retort concerning our own time. Donatus got facts, sometimes demonstrably wrong, out of the Eclogues; the professor gets them out of the *Appendix Vergiliana*. That is roughly the difference. The modern view that the operation for appendicitis on Vergil's *corpus* is not needed seems to me eminently sensible. Much is brought out concerning the poet's teachers, his political hits, mistakes as to the background of his work, and literary borrowings between him and Horace. The view of the scholiasts, that the Vergil Horace asks to dinner in an Ode of the Fourth Book is not the poet, is ignored. Could Horace credit his friend, who had a "leisured competence" (page 9), with a "thirst for gain"? Was it not worth while to note the tribute to Vergil in Donatus that he was commonly called "Parthenias" at Naples? It reminds us of our own Milton at Christ's.

The two books of Aristotle now published in good translations with learned footnotes reveal his scientific side, which has been generally neglected. His theories are out of date, but his arguments show ability. He is one of the few Greek authors who lose nothing by being put into English.

Professor Carpenter goes into deep questions in his little monograph on *The Esthetic Basis of Greek Art*, such as the strong objection among modern artists to make a mere representation of Nature. He is most interesting concerning architecture and the qualities which make it good.

The reading of compendiums of history cannot take the place of knowledge gained by hard work, as Mr. Matheson knows. His little book on Rome is well written, as one expects from a judicious and accomplished scholar. Another New College man, Mr. Casson, has studied Greece in ninety-two pages. The argument that the best Greeks destined their work for posterity proves little. I know the London epitaph of a scholar who declares that he has left his books in his coffin for the enlightenment of posterity ; but who is going to dig them up ? The little book is specially valuable in its summary of the Cretan civilisation and its effects on Greece, and throughout is excellent in its choice of passages to illustrate Greek life and thought.

The Roman Fate is a pamphlet which applies anthropological and biological science to the interpretation of history. Mr. Heitland thus discovers elements of decay which are universally applicable, and justifies the old description of history as " philosophy teaching by examples." References to later empires and political systems were formerly shunned by scholars as unprofitable or bad form. Mr. Heitland's way is far wiser. He emphasises the duty of every man to take an interest in politics.

The Wrath of Achilles is well worth notice. Classical hexameters in English are mere jog-trot affairs in which quantities are neglected and the regular beat of accent is everything. They are much too easy to write to be any good. Mr. Ernle's renderings strive for a better and more difficult way. Prejudice and long usage have made such pioneer work in this country very hard. There is a tendency to reject any metrical scheme which does not give up its secrets at once. Yet the attempt ought to be made to revive proper English quantities. Mr. Ernle should go on with his renderings and tell readers exactly what Greek lines in the Books of Homer he is translating. He handicaps himself by not giving references.

VERNON RENDALL

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF COUNTESS SOPHIE TOLSTOI. Translated by S. S. KOTELIANSKY and LEONARD WOOLF. Hogarth Press. 4s.

MAZZINI'S LETTERS TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY, 1861-72. Edited by E. F. RICHARDS, Vols. II and III. John Lane. 16s. each, net.

A LADY OF THE SALONS, THE STORY OF LOUISE COLET. By D. E. ENFIELD. Cape. 6s. net.

THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST. By Sir HENRY LUCY. Murray. 15s. net.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ARCHPRIEST JOHN JOSEPH THERRY. By the Rev. ERIS M. O'BRIEN, Sydney. Angus and Robertson. 25s.

IT was to be expected that the case against Tolstoi should be put some day. He has had the world on his side ; everything he has had to say has been known, or guessed. His griefs were bitter—but at least they had a vent. I apprehend from the preface to the tragic little book with which I open my chronicle that his wife would have kept silent but for the diligent and not too delicate ferretings of a M. Vengerof, who, as well as being Professor of something, was director of the Russian Book Chamber, whatever that may be. This formidable person, it seems, was accustomed to “ send out broadcast to authors and men of letters ”—apparently also to their widows—questions relating to their private affairs. In 1913 he tackled the Countess Tolstoi with “ a *questionnaire*,” and caught her. The poor lady did her best, but was not lucky enough to satisfy the inquisitor. I don't know what more he can have wanted of her : short as her Autobiography is, it contains heart-breaking matter. Hers—and for that matter, his too—is one of those cases open to the casuist of either party. It is all very well to say, as the Editor of this book does, that “ the great honour of being the wife of a genius fell to the lot of S.A.T.” : it is open to the Countess to reply that she was not persuaded into marriage by a genius, but by an impetuous youth who said that he would shoot himself if she did not accept him. She accepted the flattery and him together on the 16th September, and married them on the 23rd. She lived with the latter nearly fifty years, and bore him thirteen children. That should go to her account, as also that for some twenty years she was happy with him, and made him happy. She listened to his compositions, copied them, advised him about them. Then *he* began to change, while *she* stayed where he had found her. Religious doubts assailed him, horrible to her ; feverish enquiry preoccupied him ; domestic problems tantalised him, possibilities of simplification of the whole social economy. In all these shifting views and wild experiments he drifted away from her, further every year. Presently came in one Chertkov, whom she regarded as the villain of the piece. She was jealous of Chertkov, suspicious of him too. Tolstoi wished to live like a peasant and, absurdly enough, did so—in a large country house whose other six occupants, his wife, sons and daughters, went on living as they had been brought up. While he, in blouse and bandaged legs, sat eating black beans out of a basin, his family, in evening dress, ate the European dinner of well-to-do people. The Countess did not like it at all, and no doubt showed it ; Tolstoi did not find it a successful experiment, and probably laid the blame on his wife. More than once he threatened to leave her ; once he actually did so, at a painful moment in a wife's career, when she was on the verge of confinement. Finally, as we all know, he went away for good, on a sudden impulse, when both of them were old and ill. The details of that “ escape,” as he called it, “ escapade ” as it really was, are given

(from his diary) in an Appendix and are painful to read. Yet they must be read before the Countess is condemned, as at first, she says, she universally was. I find myself confirmed, at the end of my reading, in the view which I had in the beginning of it—that a woman who marries a genius is to be pitied in any event, but if she has children, to be defended at all costs. The notes, which are more than half the volume, make with the text a fair statement of the poor lady's case. They are candid, elaborate, and carefully documented.

Mazzini's letters to members of the Ashurst family are now completed in two further volumes. They reveal him with an exactitude and fullness of detail which make any consecutive reading an impossibility. Plot followed plot, disguise disguise, pamphlet pamphlet: he was never weary, but never successful. He wanted two things together which at the moment were incompatibles—a united Italy, and a Republic. He never saw, as Garibaldi did, that the only available arm against Austria on the one side, Louis Napoleon on the other, and the Pope between them, was the King of Piedmont. Garibaldi consequently was obliged to work without him; and to the end of Mazzini's life Victor Emmanuel did his utmost to keep him out of the country, or, having him in it, to keep him in prison. He got him there at last. In 1871 he was amnestied, or might have been: he refused to accept it and went on plotting. Politically, therefore, he was impossible—but yet what a fine creature!

Mazzini was a man whom the hardest heart could not have repelled . . . thin, pale, and his complexion olive-tinted; of middle stature, well-knit, and dressed with extreme simplicity. Beautiful especially was his majestic forehead, and the form of his head. . . but when you saw his eyes a sense of pleasure mixed with veneration possessed you, and when he spoke the harmony of his voice conquered you.

Better still is M. Jovanavitch's account: "Il avait la tête d'un Christ blanc . . . et les yeux d'un hypnotiseur." But

Il avait les manières de conspirateur. Jamais il n'a reçu mon père dans sa demeure privée, mais toujours dans la maison d'un ami. En entrant dans cette maison mon père se trouva toujours en présence d'une personne à lui absolument inconnue, et c'est seulement après un certain laps de temps que Mazzini faisait son apparition. Il paraît que pendant que mon père était en conversation avec cette personne, Mazzini observait d'une cachette si c'était réellement mon père qui était venu le voir.

Most Italian all that, the Italian of comic opera. And yet the man was one of the noblest of our unlucky creation.

Paulo minora canamus. The Memoirs of an "unfortunate female," not otherwise distinguished, do not seem worth compiling, and in the present instance—Madame Colet's—are not. Louise Colet was, in person, "after Sir Peter Lely," and more than her petticoat was tempestuous. She wrote remarkably bad verses, is supposed to have been the original of Madame Bovary, and stuck a table-knife a little way into the back of Alphonse Karr. He had the wit to hang it up in his hall, with the inscription: "Présenté par Madame Colet, 1840—dans le dos." She was mistress successively of Victor Cousin and Gustave Flaubert: a perfectly commercial lady. There's nothing remarkable about all this except the simplicity with which most of it was done. Victor Cousin was a philosopher and professor of literature. Sainte-Beuve couples him with Villemain as one of the greater lights of Louis-Philippe's little system. "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," or so it was believed. It is true that he adored, philosophically, the Frondeuses of the seventeenth century, and would relax somewhat in expatiating upon Madame de Longueville, whose charms were exuberant and her morals free; but that was supposed to be only his fun. However, when, all unexpectedly, a Madame Colet called upon him on some pretext or another,

the philosopher immediately became most unphilosophical. What follows is even more extraordinary, if we are to believe her biographer. Not only did the lady enmesh him, but she caused him to entangle the editors and publishers of Paris. Her execrable pieces were sent about with Cousin's *Imprimatur*—and printed they were. She was much aggrieved, I learn, that Sainte-Beuve did not give her a *Lundi* ! That kind of thing—and other things much more probable—went on while the liaison continued. *Tapages* went on ; *secaturas* went on ; the very deuce went on. The philosopher at last came to his senses, and Flaubert succeeded him. Flaubert treated her with incredible seriousness—she was the Madame X. of his correspondence. I should much like to know what she made of all that. More happened to her as she slipped rapidly down-hill, whither I don't think I need follow her. If she sat for Madame Bovary she had only herself to thank for it. Certainly, she was no better than she should have been, and perhaps not so good as she might have been. But these are profound reflections.

There are no profundities to plumb in Sir Henry Lucy's latest instalment of his Diary. It is extremely superficial, and on that account has a belated air. It is rather like reading in Dangeau of how "le Roi se purgeait," or Monseigneur "courrait le loup." No doubt he did—but what then ? Here, nevertheless, is a complicated remark, which I found difficult. Writing of the Guard at the Bank of England, and the regaling of the officer in charge, whom Sir Henry naturally calls a "gilded warrior," he goes on :

The statutes of the Bank of England provide two bottles of wine for the officer on duty. The ancient fashion of the institution was illustrated by the fact that the officer might make his choice of port, sherry, or claret, and thought it good enough.

I do—now—see what he means. But what the officer thought in 1898 is no more evidence of an ancient fashion than was what the soldier said in *Bardell v. Pickwick*. Then here is a statement of 1908 which should have been modified by the light of 1922 : "There are few men whose names are more familiar throughout the English-speaking world than is that of the author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* !" It might have been said of Mr. Gladstone perhaps : and yet—and yet—what will 1922 say, reading it ? Mortality, behold and fear.

The Archpriest J. J. Therry was not quite "the Apostle of Australia"—confining the Apostolate to the Roman communion for the moment ; but he nearly was. He went out in 1833 in a convict ship, and fought for his faith at long odds. Even as he struggled, so (it must be owned) does his biographer ; for the Archpriest was not everybody's man. *Sufflaminandus erat* : and so he was, more than once ; and more than once by his own bishops. Father O'Brien, who writes eloquently of a man in many respects admirable, is occasionally stretched on the rack of this tough world, piety pulling him one way and candour the other. It is much to his credit as an historian that candour always wins.

MAURICE HEWLETT

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

ENGLISH PRISONS UNDER LOCAL GOVERNMENT. By SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB, with Preface by BERNARD SHAW. Longmans. 15s.

ENGLISH PRISONS TO-DAY: BEING THE REPORT OF THE PRISON SYSTEM ENQUIRY COMMITTEE. Edited by STEPHEN HOBHOUSE, M.A., and A. FENNER BROCKWAY. Longmans. 25s.

THE EXPANSION OF EUROPE. THE CULMINATION OF MODERN HISTORY. Third revised and enlarged edition. By RAMSAY MUIR. Constable. 12s.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIC IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By GENERAL N. GOLOVIN, in collaboration with ADMIRAL A. D. BUBNOR. Translated by C. NABOKOFF. Introduction by HAROLD WILLIAMS. Gyldendal. 10s. 6d.

"IT is better," Mr. Chesterton has said somewhere, "to be in a bad prison than in a good one. From the standpoint of the prisoner this is not at all a paradox; if only because in a bad prison he is more likely to escape. But apart from that a man was in many ways better off in the old dirty and corrupt prisons, where he could bribe turnkeys to bring him drink, and meet fellow-prisoners to drink with." True as this may be, it is clearly not the last word on the subject either from the standpoint of the prisoner or of society, and those who want to go further into the matter will do well to read Mr. and Mrs. Webb's history, the account given by Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway of the prison system of to-day, and Mr. Bernard Shaw's furious penological tract.

Most of us have learned from the classic novels of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries to shudder at the appalling state of the gaols and bridewells of our forefathers. In theory the prisons were the King's; in practice they were profit-making enterprises of the gaolers, high and low. From that "amazing administrative device," as Mr. and Mrs. Webb call it, and from the general public apathy, there flowed a torrent of abuses. The prisons were sinks of iniquity and misery. Extortion, cruelty, drunkenness, fornication and fever were rampant, and the victims were as often innocent as guilty persons. The attempts at reform, feeble at first, grew under the perseverance of John Howard and his friends, and the Webbs trace for us the conflicting motions that gradually emerged—humanitarianism, economy, the demand for discipline, new conceptions of administrative order, the desire for the reformation of the criminal or the better prevention of crime. Every kind of experiment was tried—"classification," the farming out of prison-labour, profit-sharing and prayer-meetings, flogging and starvation diet, the treadmill, solitary confinement, and "silence." Early in the nineteenth century there were some model prisons where, as a contemporary optimist put it, "a man, filthy, diseased, drunken, idle and profane became clean, sober, healthy, diligent and to all appearance a good moral man, by which I mean to imply that he does not swear, nor behave inattentively during the hours of devotion, nor invade the little property of his fellow prisoner, nor quarrel with him, nor do any act unbecoming a man of sound principles." This view, however, found no favour with the "commonsense school." Their ideal was the treadmill, "varying in all degrees from a day to a life. . . . This punishment would be economical, certain, well-administered, little liable to abuse, capable of infinite division, a perpetual example before the eyes of those who want it, affecting the imagination only with horror and disgust, and affording just ease to the Govern-

ment." By the middle of the century the "scientific" devilishness of this school was fairly established. It was mitigated—or enhanced—here and there by cocoa as a "luxury" or a prison library. (Mr. and Mrs. Webb cite, as a specimen of the prison library, the list of books assembled by the chaplain at Maidstone Gaol: Thirteen Volumes of Tracts, two Volumes of Chap Repository Tracts, two Volumes of Bishop Wilson's Sermons, *Bishop Horne on the Psalms*, Law's *Serious Call*, Josephus on the Jewish Wars, Burnet on the Psalms, Bishop Watson's *Apology*, Bishop Porteous' *Evidences*, Jones on the Trinity, Bishop Hull's *Comfort to the Afflicted*. And elsewhere there were happy criminals who enjoyed Leslie's *Short Method with the Deists* and the same author's *Short and Ready Method with the Jews*.) But a new agitation for reform was beginning, and eventually, after two important Acts in 1865 and 1877, the prison system was nationalised and there was ushered in what is known as the Du Cane regime. A number of lingering scandals were swept away and certain indulgences, especially for long-sentence prisoners, were introduced. But the keynote of the new regime was a prodigious uniformity, coupled with extreme severity of treatment. The prisons were at last really the Queen's—or, to be more precise, Whitehall's. Whitehall saw to it that there were no horrors, or that, if there were, they should not be given an undue publicity. Whitehall looked at its work and saw that it was good. And once more public opinion was slowly worked upon by the critics, who maintained, in the words of Prince Kropotkin, that "our model and modern penitentiaries were a hundred times more corrupting than the dungeons of the Middle Ages." At length the Departmental Committee of 1894-5 condemned the Du Cane regime and started what, the Webbs say, "we may hope to have been the beginning of a beneficent revolution." The effects are to be seen in the abolition of treadwheels and cranks and a large reduction of solitary confinement, in Probation Acts, the Borstal system with its reformatory treatment, the segregation of mentally defectives, the "preventive detention" system and other humane measures. At this point Mr. and Mrs. Webb conclude their masterly and grimly diverting history, and hand over the running to Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway.

What they have to tell us in their voluminous Report is certainly enough to cast doubt on the beneficence of the revolution. The Enquiry Committee aimed primarily at the discovery of facts and not at making proposals for reform, though broad principles of reform are in fact suggested. Their main initial difficulty was to get through the fog of secrecy which surrounds the system. Nevertheless, though the Prison Commissioners appear to have done their best to prevent the Committee from getting information, a mass of evidence was secured from officials of different grades, visiting magistrates, ex-prisoners and agents of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies. There is some conflict of opinion among the witnesses, but, taken as a whole, the case that is made against our present penal system is a very strong one. Space forbids my attempting to go through the details of the exposure; it must suffice to quote this general summary:

The essential features of our present penal system lie in the confinement of offenders under unnatural conditions, in an environment in which many of the normal human functions become inoperative. Speech and association with one's fellow-men—the most elementary of human rights—if not wholly eliminated in prison life, are at least subjected to the severest limitations; while mutual aid and all moral and social co-operation are forbidden. Other features of prison life are the imposition of monotonous and uninteresting tasks of little or no use as training for the future; deprivation of opportunity for initiative, choice or any form of self-directed activity, and submission to a rigid and precisely regulated discipline. In brief, the system may be defined as

the deprivation of every influence and the prohibition of every activity beyond the bare necessities of life, excepting only certain minor concessions in the form of books, religious ministrations and—for some few prisoners—very restricted educational facilities.

Such is the Committee's judgment on a system which, according to Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, the late Chairman of the Prison Commission, aims at the "individualisation of the offender," and under which the prison authorities have been labouring for many years to find the "treasure that is in the heart of every man"!

What, then, is to be done? Mr. Shaw wants no beating about the bush. Our penal system, he holds, is "extremely cruel and mischievous, and therefore extremely wicked." It is too bad to reform. The three orthodox justifications of imprisonment turn out in practice to be "trash." Imprisonment does not reform the offender; it is ineffective as a deterrent (Mr. Shaw exaggerates here); "retribution"—which in the official view means "the making of the relationship of sin to suffering as real, and as actual, and as exact as it is possible to be made"—is only a euphemism for the nasty passion of revenge. Mr. Shaw's own proposals are a lethal chamber (or, if we are too squeamish for that, permanent restraint) for "intolerably mischievous" human beings; detention—not as a punishment, but for the public safety, and always under agreeable conditions—for those who are "defective in the self-control needed for free life in modern society"; and for other offenders treatment, not as criminals, but as civil defendants. Mr. Shaw is, one fears, too bold and too simple for this prudent and sophisticated generation. But he may shock us into thought and drive us towards the milder reforms which Mr. and Mrs. Webb and the Prison Enquiry Committee advocate, and some of which, at least, it is satisfactory to hear, are looked favourably upon by Mr. Waller, the new Chairman of the Prison Commissioners. Prisons we shall continue to have, but we may yet live to see the abomination of the "good prison" removed!

C. M. LLOYD

HISTORY

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By G. B. ADAMS. Henry Holt & Co.

WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY, 1914-1917. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR A. KNOX. Hutchinson. 36s.

THE PASTONS AND THEIR ENGLAND. By H. S. BENNETT. C.U.P. 15s.

STORY OF ANZAC. By C. E. W. BEAN. Angus & Robertson, Sydney.

“THE History of Institutions cannot be mastered—can scarcely be approached—without an effort”: these words, with which the great Stubbs began the preface to his great book, inevitably recur to the mind with every fresh attempt to explain to the average sensual man the development of English political institutions: every such attempt raises anew the question whether the goal is attainable, and even the doubt whether every struggle to reach it does not force the aspirant still further away. Be the explanation never so nicely arranged and clearly expressed, its author never so learned and never so honest, still the uncertainty remains—what will his account convey to a mind unversed in the problems with which he deals and even ignorant of the elements in which they consist and of the terms in which they are discussed? Will the effect on the minds of Smith, Jones, and Robinson be an increase or a diminution in the human race’s stock of truth? The expression of these doubts (which to some may seem engendered by pedantic arrogance out of grudging cowardice) is occasioned by Professor G. B. Adams’s attempt to tell the plain man the whole story of the English Constitution in a hundred and fifty thousand words, chosen so that the plain man may be reasonably expected to understand them. The characteristic difficulties, and if they are surmounted the chief glories, of such attempts are the proper apportionment of space and emphasis among the various divisions of the subject, and the avoidance both of vicious simplification and of a degree of toughness likely to baffle the inexpert reader whose instruction is intended. Of the method of wringing glory from this second sort of difficulty Professor Adams has given a shining example in his treatment of feudalism: the indication and distinction of the economic and political sides of feudal arrangements, the demonstration of the relations between the two and of their effects, are a model of perspicuous conciseness achieved without accepting the delusive assistance to be got by assuming the identity of conceptions and mental processes throughout the ages. How consciously resolved he is to have nothing to do with this method of avoiding difficulty or with its congeners Professor Adams shows when he writes (quite admirably):

It is sometimes difficult to explain in language just what an institution or an institutional change really was in principle and effects without using terms which seem to imply that we are stating the ideas which its own contemporaries had about it. Such an impression would often be an error. From what we know of the whole history of the Norman monarchy, for instance, we can form a conception of what it was in theory and in practice quite impossible to those who lived under it.

Even Professor Adams, however, allows himself simplifications of such a kind and so numerous as to be seriously disquieting: when he speaks, for instance, of “a payment, called scutage, made by the feudal tenant in lieu of the military service which he owed,” or of “long experimenting to find the best method of allowing the accused a last chance” resulting in “a second jury, the petty jury, to pass upon the verdict of the first,” or of the sixteenth century as a time when “with the tacit consent of the nation, the Constitution, the limited monarchy was practically suspended,”

it is doubtful whether he conveys more of truth or of falsehood. The occasions when such doubts arise are naturally more numerous in the earlier chapters, where the facts, the words, and the ideas are all more remote : perhaps the most serious of them is in connection with the effect of feudal arrangements upon the relations between the king and his subjects, where the existence of " a definite contract which neither party could vary without the consent of the other " is emphasised to the neglect of the consideration that such a contract subsisted not between the king and his subjects as such but only between the king and his tenants-in-chief, who were comparatively few. In this case the neglect does more than endanger the conveyance of truth to the profane, it reveals (as I think) a defect in the doctrine, a mistaken and unsuccessful attempt to find in the feudal contract the origin of what is most characteristic in the English Constitution.

But Professor Adams's failures to avoid the vices at once of simplification and of obscurity are rare ; rarely, also, is the reader inclined to complain of his apportionment of space and emphasis : perhaps the justest complaint in this regard is with reference to his treatment of the sixteenth century. An understanding of Tudor government that is more than superficial and general is quite necessary to any study of later constitutional development—more than general if only because misunderstandings of Tudor conditions have created or kept alive almost all the most dangerous and persistent heresies with regard to the seventeenth century and because the attitude of not a few modern Englishmen towards modern England is particularly affected by their conceptions about that century, and more than superficial if only because the very continuity between the Windsors and the Tudors may deceive a subject of the later dynasty into supposing too close an identity between ideas and institutions which have the same names in the two periods.

It would be both impertinent and unjust for any reviewer of Professor Adams's book to leave the impression that its salient feature is the defects which he may believe himself to have noticed : it may be held that the task attempted is hopeless, but it is certain that for that task no one is better qualified and that in the attempt no one has succeeded or is likely to succeed better than Professor Adams. He has written the most readable and intelligible history of the English Constitution for the general reader, and it is a history which contains nothing irrelevant, nothing unfair, and nothing pretentious ; it is to be hoped that a second edition may give him an opportunity of showing how his judgment is affected by Professor Pollard's *Evolution of Parliament*, and of providing his book with a more adequate index than it at present possesses.

With the Russian Army, 1914-1917, by General Sir Alfred Knox, is no doubt of great importance to the student of military history, containing as it does the comments of a singularly well-equipped mind with special opportunities of observation ; to the general reader, however, its chief interest lies in the light thrown on the political and personal composition of Russia by the reminiscences of an honest and intelligent friend who saw her at a period of crisis. In this light the surprising thing about the end of that period is not its catastrophic nature but its slowness in coming : it is bad enough to read that " The organisation of the rear services was based on regulations that were still in manuscript on the first day of mobilisation, and were consequently known only to the officers and officials of high rank who had spent some five years in their compilation. . . . If General Sukhomlinov and his Staff had worried to appreciate the situation at the end of September (1914), they must have known that the initial stock only provided shell for two more months. . . . When the Chief of the Artillery Department went to Sukhomlinov, weeping, and said that Russia would have to make peace owing to the shortage of artillery ammunition, the Minister of War told him to ' go to the devil and quiet himself ' " ; but it is just to remember that these things are only a parody, and not such a very extravagant parody, of much that happened nearer home. There is something, on the other hand, that is

really characteristic of Czarist Russia in the case of Maklakov, who (people said) owed his place as Minister of the Interior to his knack of imitating animals, which had amused the Imperial children when depressed by the murder of Stolypin in 1911." Again, few may safely venture to throw stones at the Russian general who, in the autumn of 1915, thought that "history would despise England and France for having sat still like rabbits" . . . leaving the whole burden of the war to be borne by Russia"; and there were occasions in other armies than the Russian when there was too much close order drill and too little practice in combined manœuvres"; but we may justifiably feel some superiority to the soldiers whose only remark when the Czar took over the command-in-chief was: "Now the Emperor is going to fight, soon the Empress will come too, and then all the women of Russia will follow." Yet not all the superiority is on our side. When a Russian delegation visited their Western allies in search of munitions they noticed that the French, unlike some of the English, saluted them; and when General Knox "mentioned to the young officer who had accompanied us at the front that British officers visiting Russian G.H.Q. would have been very differently treated, he replied 'My dear sir, we are running war!'"

No doubt the majority of readers will turn with most expectation to the chapters dealing with the revolution, and they will not be disappointed. As early as the beginning of 1916, and even earlier, General Knox was, if not prophetic, at least intelligently apprehensive; but when he told Rodzianko, President of the Duma, "of the preventable sufferings of the people and of my astonishment at their patience . . . he only laughed and said that I had a hot head. M. Rodzianko, indeed, was emphatically of opinion that Russia would fight to the end. He said: 'There may be some people in favour of peace, but they do not dare to speak. Rasputin will never work for peace, for he is run by a ring of banks who are making too much money. . . .'" General Knox makes it easy, too, to understand why the revolution did not stop at the Kerensky stage; one result of that stage was to endow the Izmailovski Battalion with a new colonel, who lectured his men on the psychology of the masses: "imagine how futile such an attempt must have been to occupy and amuse men, three-quarters of whom were illiterate. The poor fellow somewhat later commenced writing the regimental orders in verse, and was removed from his command by the district staff." This might have been worse, but there was no check on any extravagance less enormous than versifying, and "'the broad Russian nature' was always the excuse for every extravagance. What was wanted was a little narrow common sense." Very characteristic (both of observer and observed) is the description of the reception of the *corps diplomatique* by the provisional Ministers: "I did not like to look at their faces, when they were all looking at the ground; it seemed too aggressive and unfair, so I looked at the ground too, and then I saw their boots. What an extraordinary collection of boots they were! I have never seen such boots!" On the second revolution General Knox is no less illuminating, and this is a pleasant picture of Sir George Buchanan: "Little Proctor . . . says that the Ambassador and his family and all British subjects should at once go home . . . but the old man said . . . that it bored him to be told constantly that his throat was going to be cut: if it was, it was and that was an end of it!"

I hope I have conveyed an impression of the interest and attraction of this book without creating the illusion that I have picked out the plums. As may be plain from the quotations, the author has not much literary practice or literary preoccupation, but he has a great talent for characterising a situation or a person; not least, however unconsciously, his own person, which emerges as always helpful, friendly, intelligent, and unpretentious.

KENNETH PICKTHORN

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGIONS. By M. A. CANNEY. Routledge. 25s.
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE OCCASIONAL OFFICES. By H. S. KINGSFORD.
Mowbray. 25s.

A DIRECTORY OF CEREMONIAL. Mowbray. 2s. 6d.

PAINTED WINDOWS. By A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER. Mills & Boon. 5s.

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ASIAN CHRISTOLOGY AND THE MAHAYANA. By E. A. GORDON.
Maruzen, Tokyo. J. Grant, Edinburgh.

THE SPIRIT AND STRUGGLE OF ISLAM. By T. L. VASWANI. Ganesh,
Madras. Re 1.8.

ISLAM IN INDIA. By G. A. HERKLOTS. Milford. 17s. 6d.

THE DISCIPLINES OF LIBERTY. By W. L. SPERRY. Milford. 8s. 6d.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PASTORAL EPISTLES. By P. N. HARRISON.
Milford. 12s. 6d.

SELF-TRAINING IN MYSTICISM. By H. L. HUBBARD. Christophers.
3s. 6d.

THE SACRED CONSTANTINIAN ORDER. By E. GILLIATE-SMITH. Dent.
1s. 6d.

THE BRIDGETINE ORDER. By B. WILLIAMSON. Kegan Paul. 2s.

MR. Canney's volume is more of a scrap-book than an encyclopædia. It has no stated or observable plan. Why, for instance, should there be articles on Ebionites, Hussites, Christadelphians, and Plymouth Brethren, and none on Protestants or Modernists? Mr. Canney seems to prefer the more curious and out-of-the-way religions. He gives brief accounts of most sects and many modern religious societies—but why, if he includes the Church Association, the Church Reform League, the Churchman's Union, and the Catholic Truth Society, should he omit the English Church Union and the Catholic Literature Association? Again, if one looks up "Penance" one finds only a brief article on the Hindu view of penance. Many of Mr. Canney's notes are based on articles in Hastings' well-known *Encyclopædia* and J. H. Blunt's *Dictionary of Heresies*: his book is full of confused reading for those who like dictionaries, but on many subjects he is insufficiently explicit to be of any value to the student. He is generally accurate, but occasionally unfortunate in wording—as in such a statement as "The Roman Church recognises various kinds of Masses," by which he evidently means, "The Roman Catholic Church recognises various ways of celebrating Mass." Precision of statement is the first duty of dictionary-makers. Precision has been the great object of the Alcuin Club, which is responsible for the *Directory of Ceremonial*, and under those auspices Mr. Kingsford publishes his excellent book of illustrations of the occasional offices. The illustrations are taken from various books and manuscripts and also from the famous painting of the *Seven Sacraments*, by Van der Weyden. Mr. Kingsford rightly warns students against taking the pictures "too literally." Painters were governed by æsthetic rather than ceremonial considerations when it came to choosing colours.

If you want to get the true beauty of stained glass, or of painted glass, you must go inside the building. It is no use standing outside and hoping from there to criticise truthfully the colour or the effect. This is what the author of *Painted Windows*

des. His knowledge of the men he is discussing is superficial. His angle of vision is so biased that his book will only content or amuse the readers who know less of the subject than he. There may be some. I do not know whether to be sorrier for Dean Inge, who is made ridiculous by the author's extravagant eulogy, or for Dr. Gore, who is so absurdly misrepresented that no one who has ever heard him or read a line of his can recognise the sketch. Dr. Inge is "this Erasmus, far more learned than the author." . . . There is no greater mind in the Church of England; no greater mind, no greater intellect to think, in the English nation. His intellect has the range of an Acton, his forthrightness is the match of Dr. Johnson's, and his wit, less biting though little less courageous than Voltaire's, has the illuminating quality, if not the divine playfulness, of the wit of Socrates." Dr. Gore, who has "a salience, complete, dominating, unapproached," "has floundered in the obscurities of a sect and hidden his light under the bushel of a mouldering solecism—the tradition of Western Catholicism"; but in spite of the floundering and mouldering he is also apparently "one of the most powerful spiritual forces in our generation," although he is to be numbered "amongst the lost souls" and has only escaped from hell "by the sacrifice of his rational integrity." The papers on Dr. Temple, on the Archbishop of Canterbury, on Fr. Ronald Knox, on Miss Royden and General Booth show just about as much insight and intelligence as those on Dean Inge and Dr. Gore; they are slightly less offensive in temper, but nowhere betray any power of handling spiritual forces or apprehending the religious significance, as apart from the immediate popular effect, of the work of the persons discussed. The author says that his purpose is "to examine the mind of modern Christianity"; but no such object is discernible in a book which consists of almost equal parts of rather vulgar personalities and a cheap emotionalism which it would be an insult to a great religion to call Protestant. Any speculations as to the identity of The Gentleman with the Duster should be set at rest by these essays, which are evidently the work of that old friend of ours, Charles James Harrington Yellowplush, who displays his innate snobbery and passion for the genteel in his ignorant patronage of Dr. Orchard.

Sir Thomas Ralegh's history of the Scottish Church is a sound, readable piece of work which takes the reader from the beginnings of Christianity, in that country, up to the famous judgment of Lord Halsbury in the "Wee Free" case of 1904. Sir Thomas is concerned primarily with the history of Presbyterianism, and he is fair and scrupulous in his account of its impact on the older religious systems. He writes for the layman, bases his conclusions on the work of scholars, and frequently makes himself familiar with the original sources. It is refreshing to meet a Scotch history which tries to do justice to that difficult but too-abused prelate, Archbishop Laud.

Mrs. Gordon is an enthusiast who is not sufficiently careful to see that there are facts which support her theories. That Buddhism and Christianity influenced each other is extremely probable, and I am shy of the school which, directly it finds in Buddhism apparently Christian legends or doctrines, assumes that Christianity borrowed from Buddhism. There is room here, as in Biblical criticism, for that lower criticism which Mr. A. C. Clark has employed so usefully in discussing the Synoptic problem. Mrs. Gordon, however, is far too brisk in her theories. She reprints Thomas Rees' essay on the Indian Church, and has lengthy appendices of her own pointing out resemblances between Christianity and Buddhism. She finds significance in everything. S. Philip, as represented in the mosaics of S. Mark's, Venice, wears the "red Phrygian cap." Says Mrs. Gordon:

It is noteworthy that the Burmese Dai Miroku of our frontispiece wears the same Phrygian cap as does the chief priest at the Shinto Shrine of Itsukushima in Japan when leading the mystical Dancers, all of whom are clad in Fish-robes, like those worn by the Buddhist monks at Senganji in Korea, when they yearly dance in commemoration of Shaka Nyorai's Birth.

She even takes the legend of King Abgar of Edessa seriously, contenting herself with a note that Baronius believed in the authenticity of the correspondence between Abgar and Our Lord, without even hinting that modern scholars are united in believing the correspondence to be a later invention. The only serious value of her book is its account of Buddhism in China and Japan, her notes on Syrian Christianity, and the reproductions from Oriental paintings and manuscripts.

Dr. Crooke's admirable reissue of Herklots' translation of *Quanun-i-Islam* is a model of careful editing. Very little is known as to the author of this handbook of Indian Islam, Ja'far Sherif, except that he was a teacher, was orthodox and not unaffected by the Europeans among whom he lived. His book was praised by Sir R. Burton, and it remains our chief source of information about the religion and social life of some millions of our fellow-citizens who are now causing some disturbance in the world. The very engaging chapter on Magic, with its illustrations and invocations (O, Meekaeel ! O, Booddoo !) make us wonder whether there was not Mohammedan influence at work in the witch mania of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries ; but such speculation is perhaps too much in the manner of Mrs. Gordon.

Dr. Harrison's book on the *Pastoral Epistles* is a very minute study of the linguistic peculiarities of these letters, peculiarities which force him to decide against the Pauline authorship. The question is not, perhaps, to be settled quite in this way. It is dangerous arguing that because in certain books an author did not use certain words or expressions, therefore he could not use them. It seems to me an especially dangerous argument with St. Paul, who was obviously exceptionally sensitive, and may have been influenced by the vocabularies both of new books and new friends. Also it seems natural that a man's style should be different in the familiar personal letters to Timothy and Titus from that employed in such semi-official epistles as the ten which Dr. Harrison admits to be Pauline. Dr. Harrison believes that there are Pauline elements in the *Pastorals*, and has " not the slightest hesitation in believing the Onesiphorus paragraph and the glorious climax to be as certainly the utterance of Paul himself as anything that has come down to us under his name." This book shows remarkable diligence and is a very notable addition to the criticism of the New Testament.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS